

Shiver

by jacckfrost

Category: How to Train Your Dragon, Rise of the Guardians

Genre: Adventure, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Hiccup, Jack Frost

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2012-11-24 20:48:21

Updated: 2013-07-25 04:34:13

Packaged: 2016-04-26 13:05:54

Rating: T

Chapters: 10

Words: 36,635

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: "Perhaps only people who are capable of real togetherness have that look of being alone in the universe. The others have a certain stickiness, they stick to the mass." • D.H. Lawrence (Hiccup forgives so he can be happy. A story about fate, adventure, betrayal and a certain destructive love.) A Hijack fic.

1. Chapter 1

This is my first hijack fiction so...meh. Wow. Ok, fanfiction has been pissing me off and I've had to edit this about 8 times. So, if it's weird, I'm sorry. I'm doing my best to fix this but ugh, it's being...difficult.

* * *

<p>Chapter One<p>

Berk was currently suffering from its 38th dragon attack of the year. The beasts had come without warning in the dead of night and in the middle of winter. Fighting would be difficult with the bulk of their warm clothing but still, they fought. Even through the snow that came up to their shins, they fought. That's just what Vikings do; it's what they were taught to do. It's in their blood.

Stoick the Vast, as chief of the Viking clan that resides in Berk, had been fighting valiantly. He had been going about the village, helping the people that needed it, just like any good chief would do. He'd finally ended up protecting the livestock (Why couldn't dragons be vegetarians?) with some other people when he had noticed a small form dart out from around a house.

That small form had been no other than his ten year old son, Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III being chased by a group of Terrible Terrors. The little boy was dressed in nothing but his night clothing, huffing from the effort of running so fast. His breath flowed out in little

wisps of white in the cold air.

Stoick felt an odd mixture of worry and anger fill him as he ran forwards to save Hiccup, abandoning the livestock. Why couldn't that boy listen for once? Stoick had specifically told him to stay in the house, but would he listen? Of course not.

The various patches of ice that covered the ground were causing Stoick to stumble a bit and he gritted his teeth in irritation.

Up ahead he saw Hiccup trip and dive head first into a small snow bank. Stoick reached Hiccup before the Terrors and he turned towards the group of tiny dragons, wearing a dangerous expression, he started waving his ax in a criss cross motion. The terrors eyed the weapon wearily before deciding to flee.

Watching the group of dragons flee, Stoick turned to his son who was now sitting in the bank of snow, covered in the cold substance. He frowned down at his son and leaned over to pluck Hiccup up by his collar, easily hoisting him into the air.

Hiccup gave a squeak of protest as his father threw him over his shoulder, a small "oof" leaving his lips as he landed roughly on Stoick's shoulder pads. In short time they were back to the house, having avoided a couple of dragons along the way, and Stoick kicked open the door.

He grabbed Hiccup by the back of the shirt and threw him off of his shoulder. The young boy landed crudely on his bum on the hard wooden floors. Stoick bent down and set a hard gaze on his son, "If you set a foot outside of that door," he pointed behind him at the slightly ajar door, "then so help me Thor, it'll be your last one. Ever."

Hiccup gulped and nodded slightly, staring wide eyed at his father. Stoick swiftly turned and walked out of the door, slamming it behind him. He felt the cold bite at his face and he rushed down the front of the steps to help defend against the blasted dragons.

* * *

><p>Hiccup stared up at his father from where he was huddled in the corner of their sitting room. It had been a long time since he had seen the chief this angry. Hiccup sniffled and pulled his knees to his chest and wrapped his arms around them. He was very cold and he wished his dad would feed the fire but he didn't dare ask him to.<p>

The chief was currently sitting on a stool by the window, his head in his hands. If you asked Hiccup, he looked like a statue, he was so still. Hiccup wondered if he should maybe go apologize but something told him that that wouldn't help anything at the moment.

It wasn't exactly his fault that he had left the house in the first place. From his spot at the window, Hiccup had seen a little boy fall into a snow hole. Hiccup had only wanted to help so he had left the house into the cold night.

Once he had freed the boy (who didn't even say thank you), that's when the Terrors had come after him. So, it really wasn't his fault.

Why would his dad listen to what he had to say though? Hiccup sniffled again, this time wiping his runny nose on the back of his sleeve.

He looked back up when his father cleared his throat. Stoick had taken his head out of his hands and was now facing Hiccup, a scowl firmly set on his face. They sat there for a couple of long moments, just staring at each other, neither knowing what they really had to say.

Hiccup let out a shaky laugh, "Uh, wow, it's pretty cold"

"Hiccup, what have I told you about leaving the house when there is a dragon attack?" Stoick asked his son. The frustration was clear in his voice as he pinched the bridge of his nose with his thumb and forefinger.

"T-to not to," Hiccup stuttered.

"But you decided not to listen!" Stoick shouted, glaring at his son.

Hiccup's eyes started to burn as he was faced with his father's fury.

"Why? Why can't you ever listen to me? I'm doing this for your own safety! As your father, as your chief, I expect you to obey me!" Stoick yelled, the anger in him growing. He didn't even realise he was standing until he towered over his young son.

Hiccup stood abruptly, it didn't matter to him that he barely came up to his father's elbow, he hated feeling weak. Hiccup glared up at his father, "Is that all I am? Is your subject t-to be ruled over?"

Stoick surged forward and grabbed Hiccup roughly by the arm, "Subject or son, it doesn't matter. You will listen to me."

Hiccup yanked his tiny arm free of his father's grasp. He looked up at his chief through foggy vision, "I-I see," He stuttered and with that, he ran out of the sitting room and out the back door.

He ran towards the forest that was his backyard and quickly hid behind one of the trees as he heard his chief calling his name out into the night. He ran from tree to tree and only stopped when he could no longer hear his name being called.

Hiccup shivered and looked down at his feet but was surprised to find that he couldn't actually see them. They were completely engulfed in snow that almost came up to his knees. No wonder it had been so hard to run. He shivered again and pulled his night clothes tighter around him.

He started to walk for a bit, not yet ready to go home. He felt a stinging coldness on his cheeks and when he felt his hands, his hands came back wet. He hadn't even realized he'd been crying and that in itself was a bit embarrassing.

He soon found himself in a small clearing in the forest and as he stepped in he felt the snow around his ankles give way. The snow

wasn't at all deep here (how was that?) and Hiccup stomped his feet a couple times to rid his boots of the little bits of snow.

He looked up at the sky and was surprised to find it clear, the full moon shining brightly and the many stars twinkling around it. Hiccup guessed that that was why it was so easy to see while he was walking, though he hadn't really thought of it.

The moon, he felt in some way, understood him better than anyone on the island of Berk. The moon knew what it was to be alone. The moon knew what it was like to have hundreds around you but never close enough. Never close enough to not feel that cold emptiness on being alone. That aching. That yearning.

Yes, the moon understood Hiccup very well.

* * *

><p>Hiccup was huddled against a tree, back in the clearing he had tried to leave half an hour ago. Finally, he had been ready to return back home and had turned around and started walking. He had walked for ten minutes back in the direction he thought home was home but he had only ended back at the clearing.<p>

He tried again another two times but to no avail. No matter which way he went he always came back to the clearing. When he had ended back in the clearing for the third time, Hiccup had given up. Why didn't he just wait for a bit and then try and find his way home?

So now he was crouched against a tree, huddled in a small ball to conserve the nonexistent warmth. Every bit of his skin was numb, his nose felt like it was going to fall off and did he still have ears? He was shivering only slightly but hiccup had read somewhere that when you stopped shivering that that was when you were to get worried.

Soon, too soon, Hiccup's eyes started to feel heavy. He realized dully that he shouldn't fall asleep, that that would be a very bad idea but somehow, doing something about it seemed impossible. He snuggled in closer to the tree as he felt his eyelids slip close.

'_But I'm still so cold'_ was Hiccup's last thought as he drifted out of consciousness.

* * *

><p>Hiccup woke with a gasp as something wet and cold splattered against his face. He sat up and groaned as his muscles pulled in protest. He looked around quickly and noticed that he was still in the clearing, huddled up against a tree but this time he was not alone.<p>

In the middle of a clearing stood a boy, he looked to be a bit older than Hiccup. He was staring intently at Hiccup with something akin to distant worry on his face. Hiccup had never in his life seen such an odd human being.

The boy had snowy white, tussled hair and bright (the brightest Hiccup had ever seen) blue eyes. For clothes the boy wore brown, skin

tight pants, a white shirt and a brown shawl over his shoulders. The thing Hiccup found the oddest was that the boy had no shoes on. He also seemed to be holding on to some staff?

Hiccup could only blink stupidly; it could be that his brain was delirious from lack of sleep or maybe half frozen. It was then that he'd noticed that he wasn't shivering and started to panic because he was definitely very cold. "I'm not shivering," he said and winced because what?

The white haired boy looked confusedly at Hiccup for a second and then turned to start walking away.

"H-hey!" Hiccup called out, suddenly very scared of being left alone because _he wasn't shivering._

The white haired boy froze and slowly turned to face Hiccup, a look of complete and utter shock on his features. "Are you talking to me?" The boy asked. And, _oh_, that voice. Something warm fluttered in Hiccup's chest at the sound of that voice. It was like the sweet treats the wise woman of their clan gave him except in verbal form.

Even in his dire situation Hiccup's sarcastic nature flared to life, "Well, who else would I be talking to?" He asked. The boy's mouth dropped open and he quickly spun in a circle, looking all around the small clearing.

Hiccup rolled his eyes, "Would you stop? I'm talking to you, I promise." The boy stopped to gaze at Hiccup once more. Hiccup couldn't really guess what emotion was on his face because it seemed to be a mixture of many. If he had to, he would say the dominant emotion tearing through the other boy was relief.

The other boy dropped his staff and started walking towards Hiccup, slowly at first and then faster as he plopped down in front of Hiccup on his knees. Hiccup looked at the boy's face and couldn't help thinking about how attractive he was. It was then that he noticed the unshed tears that were in the other boy's eyes.

"Are you ok?" Hiccup asked uncertainly. Had he said something wrong?

The other boy seemed to contemplate that for a couple seconds before answering honestly, "Um, no."

"Oh," said Hiccup as he leaned back against the tree once more. His eyes started to droop again and he tried to fight to keep them open because it was probably rude to fall asleep while talking to someone. He opened his tired eyes and stared at the boy with white hair.

"I'm cold," he mumbled, once again closing his eyes because he was so very tired. He really wasn't sure if he was cold or not because if he was honest, he couldn't feel any part of his body anymore. Being cold seemed to be the most plausible reason in Hiccup's fuzzy mind.

Suddenly he felt a tingling in his hand and he opened his eyes to look down at it. The boy's slender hand was around his own and it felt good. Very good, in fact, if Hiccup had to put a word to the

feeling, he would say _warm. _

Hiccup slowly lifted his other hand and wrapped it around the boy's hand and _yes, _warmth. Hiccup looked up into the eyes of the other boy, "You're warm," Hiccup said. The other boy's eyes widened slightly before he said, "Uh, I am?"

"Yes," Hiccup sighed and before he could even think of what he was doing he leapt at the other boy. The other boy landed on his bum and Hiccup instantly curled up against his chest. He pushed his cold face into the warmth of the other boy's neck and splayed his freezing hands over the other boy's chest.

Hiccup sighed with happiness as the other boy's warmth started to thaw out his nose, fingers and body in general. The rational part of Hiccup's mind was completely taken over by his instinctual side and had it not been, Hiccup's face would have been flushed red with embarrassment.

"Uh," the other boy said, he was just sitting there letting Hiccup curl up against him, he had yet to move and do something. Hiccup had no complaints as long as the other boy let him steal his warmth. Though, a couple seconds later Hiccup felt himself being pushed away. He groaned in protest as his source of warmth left him.

He opened his eyes to see the other boy now sitting against the same tree Hiccup had been. The other boy looked at Hiccup and ducked his head sheepishly, "You can, uh, curl up again if you want, I mean, if it keeps you warm."

Hiccup smiled and once again curled up against this unknown boy. This time, the boy wrapped his arms around Hiccup, offering more heat and Hiccup smiled. They stayed like that for a couple moments, total strangers curled up against a tree, in the dead of night and in the middle of winter.

Hiccup felt himself start to shiver, and shiver he did. His small frame shook and shook but Hiccup knew this to be a good thing. Still, the mystery boy kept holding him and Hiccup was unsure how to properly display his gratitude.

"W-what-t's y-your name?" Hiccup stuttered out through his chattering teeth.

"Jack. Jack Frost," he answered.

"Oh. 'm Hic-cup."

He felt Jack's body shake beneath him in what he guessed was laughter. People always laughed at his name but he was used to it by now.

"Are you warming up, Hiccup?" Jack asked.

"Hm? Oh yeah," Hiccup mumbled. He was slowly returning to his senses and he was now fully aware that he was now cuddling with a total stranger that went by "Jack Frost". The thing was that he couldn't really be bothered to care. Hiccup now knew that he had probably been very close to dying out here.

If Jack had not found him, he's sure he would have.

"Thank you, Jack Frost," Hiccup said as he nuzzled his face in closer to the soft material of Jack's shawl. Jack smelt like the warning of a new rainfall. He smelt like the crispness in the air before a heavy snowfall. He smelt fresh.

Soon Hiccup felt himself start to drift away but he fought it with all his might. He wanted to stay awake and talk with Jack, he wanted to stay awake and learn more about the mysterious boy who had found him alone in the woods.

He knew he was fighting a losing battle, though. The adrenaline that came from running away had run out ages ago and it was taking its toll on Hiccup's body. As his mind started to shut down he was vaguely aware of Jack mumbling something, something about a man in the moon.

* * *

><p>The next thing Hiccup was aware of was an odd swaying motion. He cracked his eyes open a little bit and was surprised to see the face of his father. Stoick had a scowl set firmly on his face and was staring straight ahead. Hiccup shivered as the cold air nipped at his face and he turned so his face was protected by his father's chest.<p>

As the smell of ale and boar filled his nose he couldn't help yearning for the boy who went by "Jack Frost".

* * *

><p>So? Let me know what you think, if you want. I hope I got the characters correct, though it was a really awkwardcute-ish scene. My image ban thingy will be off in a couple hours so I'll try and get a picture up soon. -charlie

2. Chapter 2

****Warning****: This story might contain spoilers for Rise of the Guardians and How to Train your Dragon. I guess I should have said that before? Oops.

>This story is also posted on my blog jjackfrostd, that's also where I'll be adding extras (possibly) and where I'll be posting update info. Just letting you know!

>I hate this chapter. Just putting that out there. It feels like the characters are oc and the plot is weird. I also know that it's an important chapter to the story so mehâ€¦.enjoy.<p>

* * *

><p>Chapter Two<p>

Hiccup's eyes snapped open and he was suddenly faced with his wooden ceiling. He blinked a couple times to clear the sleep from of his eyes and he slowly pushed himself up into a sitting position. He let out an audible groan as he rubbed the back of his neck with his palm, everything hurt. He felt like he'd just run a marathon.

He slowly looked around his room and found, to his surprise, the fire in his fireplace stoked and fed. It usually wasn't (having gone out in the night) and Hiccup had gotten used to building the fire as soon as he woke up.

His father must have added wood before Hiccup had woken up but why would he do that? The morning routine in the chief's house was always the same. Stoick got up with the sun, ate breakfast and was on his way to make the morning rounds. Hiccup got up, got himself ready and was mostly ignored for the rest of the day.

Hiccup shrugged it off as an unusual act of kindness from his father. He yawned and stretched his arms forward with another groan. He pushed the covers back from his body and shivered, rubbing his cold arm to create friction. Despite the fire, the room still had a certain chill to it and Hiccup was cold. _Cold. _

His eyes widened as last night's events came rushing back to him. He balled his hands into fists and put them to his eyes, shaking his head from side to side. "No, no, no, no," he muttered to himself. He was in so much trouble, his father must be absolutely livid. He had run away from his home, in the middle of the night and in winter no less!

He was probably going to be the laughing stock of the entire village. Not that he already wasn't, but he still didn't need to give them anymore leverage. Those cruel and unaccepting eyes that always bore into him, yes, he really didn't need to give them anything else to sneer at.

Hiccup abruptly took his fists from his eyes and looked up, his lips parted slowly in wonder. That boy. What had his name been again? Yes, Jack Frost. Jack Frost had been the one to save him, the one to rescue him from his certain death.

He had been warm and Hiccup had he had, "Oh gods," he muttered, his face suddenly feeling extremely warm. Had he seriously cuddled up to a complete stranger? And he had been a boy! "Why me?" Hiccup whined to himself. He scrunched up his face and started rubbing at his cheeks with his palms, physically trying to rub off the blush he was sure he was wearing.

Hiccup laid his hands down on the blankets and tried very hard to push thoughts of cuddling with strange boys out of his head.

Hiccup's brows furrowed as he pulled up the blankets to conserve warmth. Who was this Jack Frost? He'd certainly never heard of him, and he pretty much knows everybody on this island. Being the chief's son, it was kind of mandatory.

The more he thought about it, the more he was sure; no person who goes by the name of Jack Frost lives on this island. Hiccup absentmindedly started playing with his earlobe, a habit he had gotten into somehow.

Jack had seemed different to Hiccup. Besides the facts that he wore no shoes in winter or that he had hair just as white as the snow on the ground beneath him. Hiccup would say otherworldly, there was something that followed Jack around. Something that no mere human

could have.

Hiccup shook his head that, of course, was nonsense. Hiccup jumped slightly when he felt his stomach rumble, he hadn't noticed at all that he was hungry. His head was too full of thoughts of a certain boy with white hair. He decided to shove off all his current thoughts for a later time. He needed something to eat.

Steeling himself, he pushed back the covers and got out of bed in one motion. He winced when his bare feet made contact with the cool floor and shivered as the cold air hit his skin. He sprinted to the cupboard where he kept his clothes. He quickly rid himself of his night clothes and pulled on a green tunic and brown pants before rubbing his hands together and blowing out hot air on them.

He walked downstairs and went to the small kitchen; he stood on his tip toes and grabbed a piece of bread off of the table for breakfast. He went to go stand by the fireplace that sat snugly in the middle of their sitting room and sighed in content as the heat started to flood his body.

Winter was always rough on the island of Berk. Food was scarce and during the season, people got used to being slightly hungry. They did have a food storage house where they kept all the food they'd managed to grow over spring, summer and autumn. But they depended heavily on the yack and chickens for food at this time.

Hiccup made short work of the bread and promptly ate the whole thing, sedating his hungry belly for the time being. Giving his hands one more rub over the fire, he walked to the coat hanger by the front door and grabbed his wool jacket. He slipped it on and fumbled with the ties that had somehow managed to knot together.

You didn't see a lot of people around Berk in winter, after all, who in their right mind would leave their perfectly warm house for the coldness of outside?

Hiccup gave the ties one more pull before giving up on them, slipping on his mitts and walking out the door.

* * *

><p>Hiccup walked through the village, hugging himself slightly. It was a nice day, considering the raging weather that usually came with winter on Berk. The winds were blowing slightly and the occasional snowflake fell.<p>

He rubbed at his nose with the back of his hand, trying to create some warmth. Hiccup let out a huff of breath as he saw his cousin, Snotlout, walking towards him. Snotlout wasn't much older than Hiccup was, maybe twelve years of age but he was almost double his size.

Hiccup disliked his cousin but maybe part of that dislike was jealousy, though Hiccup would never admit that, least of all to himself. Snotlout was the perfect Viking; he was tough, mean and way bigger than was physically possible. Hiccup's father would give his left foot and maybe even his right one as well for Hiccup to be like that.

Hiccup was pretty sure that that would never happen, unless puberty decided to show up with a bang.

Hiccup's mouth twisted into a frown as he saw his cousin sneer at the sight of him and he mentally prepared himself for whatever was going to come. Snotlout shouldered Hiccup painfully as he passed him, making him lose his balance and fall into the snow.

"Watch where you're going you snot face!" Snotlout called over his shoulder.

Hiccup picked himself up and brushed at his pants, "Really? You'd think he'd come up with better insults," he muttered. Hiccup was grateful that that was all it had been today, after previous encounters, Hiccup had walked away sporting a colourful bruise on his arm.

He continued on his way and was relieved to see that it wasn't far until he reached his destination. He turned out of the village and towards the forest. He recognized the oddly shaped tree and turned right until he came to a tree that was split in half (struck by lightning?).

Hiccup walked further into the forest until he came to the familiar pine tree with pine branches littered all around its base. Hiccup slowly took the branches away from where they stood in the ground, careful to not prick his hands through his mitts.

To any other Viking, these pine branches would look like any other branches that had fallen from the original tree but Hiccup knew better. He pulled the branches down and grinned at his masterpiece.

In the tiny clearing that Hiccup had managed to find in the dense forest, he had built a magnificent snow fort. It really was gorgeous and Hiccup had spent almost all winter on it. It had four large, thick walls, each with sharp edged branches sticking out at the top. At each corner there were towers that were slightly taller than walls.

The best part is that it was all Hiccup sized.

No Snotlout could fit in here; he wouldn't even be able to get through the front door! Hiccup turned and quickly put the pine branches back in place, sealing him inside of his own world.

Today he was going to work on the mote and bridge; he knew for certain that the snow was deep enough. He walked into his fort and worked on dusting or packing away stray bits of snow that had fallen inside. The only reason the fort hadn't been buried with every snowfall was because the tall pine trees protected it with their dress like designs, directing the snow elsewhere.

Hiccup allowed himself to sit in the small chair he had made for himself. It was mostly made out of snow but Hiccup had cleverly lined twigs into the makeshift chair so that his body heat wouldn't melt the snow and make him wet. It wasn't the most comfortable but it served its purpose.

He thought he'd done very well in not thinking about this mysterious

Jack Frost person. Now that he was in his fort, his shelter from everything, he allowed himself to ponder over the white haired, shoeless boy.

Who was he and why did Hiccup want to see him again? Why did Hiccup feel this pull? Why did he feel like he should be looking for Jack instead of sitting here? Most importantly, why couldn't Hiccup stop thinking about him?

* * *

><p>Hiccup put his hands on his hips and surveyed his work. He tilted his head to the side and pursed his lips, yeah that definitely needed more snow. He had just spent the last hour working on digging out and fortifying what was going to be his bridge. It was going very well but Hiccup still had a long way to go until it was done. From birth he had always been taught, 'Strive for perfection.'<p>

He leaned over and bent down to scoop up some snow in his hands but just about fell face first into the cold substance when something hard and cold hit him square in the back of the head.

He made to spin around but forgot he was crouched over and ended up falling on his butt. With wide eyes he looked up to see a white haired boy perched on tower farthest from where Hiccup was now sitting in the snow.

Hiccup could only open and cloth his mouth like some fish out of water and stare blankly at the boy. His mind was trying desperately to come up with something to say but it was coming up blank. He realized numbly that Jack must have thrown a snowball at him and he lifted his hand to wipe at the back of his head.

"Y-you threw a snowball at me," he accused, still staring up at the other boy.

Jack smiled and said, "Sure did, Hic." Hiccup heard the nervousness he knew Jack was trying to hide; he could feel it almost as if it were an undercurrent.

"Hic?!" Hiccup spluttered, suddenly regaining his senses. He got up off of the cold ground and swatted away the snow that littered his pants. "You can't call me Hic!" He said pointing a gloved finger at the grinning boy.

Jack held his hands up in mock surrender, "Alright, alright, Hiccup it is," he relented, chuckling slightly.

Hiccup pouted and turned away from Jack who still perched on the tower. Who did this guy think he was? Why had he shown up suddenly? How had he found Hiccup's fort?

"This is a nice fort you got here, one of the finest I've seen," he heard Jack say and he turned to face him once more. Jack was peering into the fort with a look of great interest on his face.

"Thanks," Hiccup mumbled, he felt awkward around Jack, after all, he did just cuddle up to this guy less than twenty four hours ago. Jack had, essentially, saved his life. He had brought him warmth when the cold had all but won him over.

"Did you build this all by yourself?" Jack questioned as he stood and started walking on the walls, carefully avoiding the pointed stick protruding out of them.

"Yeah, just me," Hiccup answered, eying Jack. What was with this guy?

Jack leaped off of the wall and landed on the ground gracefully, "Well, I am impressed, I must say," Jack smiled down at Hiccup.

"T-there's always room for improvement," Hiccup muttered, looking down to hide his heated face.

"Yeah, sure, but I think this is pretty great," Jack said, looking back up at the thick fort.

Hiccup gazed up at Jack with a tentative smile; he had accepted Hiccup's work. It didn't need to be improved, it was great. It was fine just the way it was and Hiccup didn't need to change it.

"Do you make a habit of wandering around in the forest in the middle of winter?" Hiccup asked, suddenly curious. Jack was here, he might as well take this time to get some information on the mystery standing in front of him.

"Nah, I just happened to be on Berk so I thought it might be cool to take a walk through the forest," Jack smiled and Hiccup knew it to be too cheery and bright.

Hiccup crossed his arms and looked up at Jack with a perfectly sculpted eyebrow raised in suspicion, "Midnight walks through the forest?"

Jack cleared his throat, "Yeah, well what's your excuse? Just randomly like sleeping in the forest in the middle of winter?" Jack shot back, brows furrowed in defense.

Hiccup opened his mouth to retort and closed it again when he realised he didn't have an excuse. "TouchÃ©," Hiccup conceded.

Hiccup realized that both Jack and he had secrets that they couldn't yet tell one another. He had to remind himself that they had just met yesterday and on completely awkward circumstances. They wouldn't immediately spill their deepest secrets to each other and Hiccup shouldn't expect Jack to tell him anything if he himself was unwilling to share.

Hiccup had no idea what he and Jack Frost were. Were they 'friends'? Were they 'acquaintances'? Were they 'boys that had just met yesterday under extremely awkward circumstances'? He'd stick with the latter.

Still, that didn't solve his new problem. Considering the fact that Hiccup had never had a friend in his life, he had no idea how to treat Jack. Should he ask him over to his house? No, that probably wouldn't go over well. His dad would get angrier than he already was.

Hiccup decided that he'd just let things play out the way they were supposed to. He'll hand his relationship with Jack over to the gods and see what happens. If they were meant to be friends then so be it.

"Do you, uh, need some help with it?" Jack asked suddenly, gesturing to the fort. Hiccup looked incredulously at Jack. He wanted to stay with Hiccup? He didn't mind being in his presence?

Jack rubbed the back of his neck awkwardly under Hiccup's intense eyes, "I mean, if it's not already finished?" he asked.

Hiccup hurried to assure him, "No! No, it's not. You can help if you'd like."

Just like that the tension that had seemed to hang over the boys diminished and Hiccup gave a sigh of relief. He walked to the bridge and leaned down to pat at the snow, strengthening it. "Ok, right now, I'm working on the bridge but you can work on the motte if you want?" Hiccup asked, looking over his shoulder at the other boy.

Jack smiled, "Sure!" He leaned his funny staff against the fort walls and started digging at the snow around the fort.

For a while they worked in silence, Hiccup on the bridge and Jack on the motte. Hiccup caught himself sneaking glances at the white haired boy while he worked and sternly told himself to look away. Part of him couldn't help wondering about Jack's attire.

He was still dressed in the same clothes as last night but the more Hiccup looked to more he realized that the clothes he wore were not nearly warm enough. He wore a thin shawl, no gloves and worst of all, no shoes!

Hiccup pursed his lips in thought; he desperately wanted to ask Jack questions but knew that was a bad idea. If earlier was anything to go on, Jack wasn't ready to share anything with Hiccup. Hiccup couldn't really blame him, either.

Hiccup decided to shove down his curiosity and thought that as long as Jack didn't keel over dead from frostbite, then why should he worry? Jack didn't even look like he was cold at all.

"You know what would add to the fort?" Jack asked suddenly.

Hiccup turned to face him, "What?"

"Ice. That way snow wouldn't latch onto it or wind wouldn't push it down."

"Yeah, ice would work really well but I'd have to haul a bucket of water from the ocean all the way up here," Hiccup explained. If he wanted to keep this place a secret he couldn't afford to be so noticeable. He wasn't even sure if he could haul a bucket from the ocean to here, it was a bit of a distance.

Jack nodded and pulled himself out of the hole he'd been digging. He walked to the entrance of the fort and went in. Hiccup saw him look around the small space and then plop himself down on the makeshift

chair.

Hiccup walked in after him and sat down in one of the corners, pulling his knees to his chest and resting his chin on them. He looked at Jack who in turn looked at Hiccup. Hiccup started chewing on his bottom lip, wondering what he should say.

He knew one thing for sure and that was that he wanted to see Jack Frost again. He wanted to build his fort with him again. He wanted to get to know him. He wanted to learn more about him. He wanted to become Jack Frost's friend.

"We could, uh, do this again tomorrow, um, if you want?" Hiccup blurted out. He felt worry pool in his stomach when Jack didn't answer but felt it wash away when he smiled. "Sure, I'd like that," Jack said.

Hiccup let out a smile but blushed when Jack's smile grew into a full blown grin. Hiccup put his hand on his stomach when he felt it growl, he guessed it was time for lunch. Jack had noticed Hiccup's movement, "Hungry?" he asked.

Hiccup smiled sheepishly, "Yeah."

Jack leapt up from his seat and out of the fort, "Then you should eat! We'll be meeting back here tomorrow at the same time so don't be late," he said, pointing a finger at Hiccup who was now standing at the entrance of the fort.

"Alright, I got it," Hiccup agreed, "See you tomorrow." He walked over to the pine branches and took one down so he could squeeze through the small opening. He looked back at Jack who was standing by the fort, staff in hand. Suddenly, he knew that he couldn't leave like this.

"Thank you, Jack, for last night. Justâ€¦thanks," Hiccup said, blushing he let the pine branches fall into place and he ran away. He only stopped running once he was back at the village and quickly looked behind him to make sure Jack hadn't followed him.

He didn't know why he didn't want to talk about last night with Jack. He didn't know if it was because he was embarrassed, awkward or scared. Maybe it was a combination of all three. He felt lighter now that he had thanked Jack, though.

Hiccup sighed as he started walking through the village back to his home. His life had gotten more complicated since the showing up of Jack Frost and he'd only met him yesterday. Suddenly he had plans to meet with a strange white haired boy with an odd addiction to staffs. How did it end up this way?

* * *

><p>There you have it. What did you think? Tell me if you feel like it. I love you all, ok. You are all my fav and you are all perf. If I could send my readers cookies I would but I can't so I'll just settle for this virtual hug. *hugs*
Can I justâ€¦say Jack asked out loud and laugh. I know I did, for like 10 minutes, I'm not exactly sure why. Yeah, hope you liked!

3. Chapter 3

I'M SORRY IT'S A DAY LATE. I'm not going to give you excuses but I am sick and I did just buy myself an iPad mini.
>Here it is! I'm ok with this chapter, it's alright.
Guys, I know my writing isn't perfect can you please tell me what I can do better? I'm posting my stories so people will help me with them. I'm asking. I promise. Even flames will make me happy because I'm stubborn and I will prove you wrong.
>Anyways, hope you enjoy.<p>

* * *

><p>Chapter Three<p>

Jack let out a loud laugh and he quickly put one of his hands over his mouth, trying to cover up the laughter coming from him. Hiccup blushed and ducked back into the motte they were building to hide his flaming cheeks.

Hiccup had been coming to the fort to see Jack for close to a week now. When Hiccup had promised to return the day after all those days ago, he certainly had. He had been so excited to see the other boy again that he barely even got any sleep. The second day he had spent with Jack had gone much like the first; they had talked and built the fort simultaneously. They talked about the kinds of things they liked to do in the winter, they talked about what to do with the fort and they talked about each other.

No shocking secrets were shared but Hiccup expected that. He didn't really want Jack to share any deep secrets with him because if he did that then Hiccup would be expected to dig his bones out of the closet as well. That was something he was just not ready for. So, they kept to chatter light and carefree. When it was time for Hiccup to leave, they had both left the fort area with a fleeting promise that they would see each other the next day.

This was pretty much how the rest of the week had gone, both boys meeting in the clearing, working on the fort while talking and then leaving around midday. It worked out for Hiccup and he was happy. Happier than he could ever remember being. It felt good to have a friend, at least that what he thought Jack had become.

It had been easy to become friends with Jack. He was sure that there was supposed to be some kind of awkward transition from the status of "acquaintance" to "friend". But Hiccup hadn't felt that at all. Maybe he and Jack were cheating?

"Hiccup," Jack gasped, bringing Hiccup back to the present. Hiccup peered curiously over the bridge to see Jack on the ground in the other side of the motte, a hand on his chest as he took deep breathes. Hiccup quickly hopped over the bridge and knelt beside Jack, he got even more worried when he saw that there were tears in Jack's eyes.

"Jack? Jack, what's wrong?" Hiccup questioned, at a loss for what to do.

"Why," Jack whispered and Hiccup leaned in closer to be able to

hear.

"Why would anyone name their kid Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the third?" Jack asked, a wide grin spreading on his face as another round of laughter took him. Hiccup narrowed his eyes and wacked Jack on the arm. He'd thought Jack was having some kind of heart attack.

"Jerk," muttered Hiccup playfully. Though everyone laughed at his name and he was thoroughly used to it. He recalled Jack laughing when he'd first heard his name but now that he'd heard his full name he was suffering from an all out laughing attack.

Hiccup sat beside the still chuckling Jack and looked up at the other boy. God he was gorgeous. Hiccup blinked at that thought that had ran through his mind and he shook his head slightly. "Yes, yes, ha-ha, I know so funny," Hiccup said, the sarcastic tone evident in his voice.

Jack calmed and took a couple deep breaths, "In all seriousness, why do you have such a unique name?"

Hiccup smiled at Jack's word choice and shrugged, "People around here believe that horrible names will frighten off trolls and gnomes."

Jack let out a snort, "I guess that's one way of looking at it."

"I only have this name because I was named after my great grandfather, Hiccup Horrendous the second," Hiccup explained. He yelped when he felt a coldness seeping onto his butt and he hopped up. He quickly ran a hand over his trousers and groaned when he felt a wet spot. He was so busy talking to Jack that he'd forgotten that he was sitting in snow.

Hiccup pulled himself out of the motte and started wiping at his behind, trying to disperse some of the wetness. He heard Jack come up behind him, laughing slightly, "Oh, Hiccup, you never cease to amuse me."

Hiccup glared at Jack, "Glad someone finds it funny," he pouted, no one could ever explain how uncomfortable wet clothing in the winter could be.

Hiccup felt Jack put his arms around his shoulders and immediately Hiccup's face began to heat up. "Don't be like that," Jack mockingly cooed to a red faced Hiccup, Hiccup ducked out from under Jack's arm and quickly turned to make it look like he was scooping up some snow.

"I've been thinking of some ideas that we could use to better the fort with," Jack declared suddenly.

That peeked Hiccup's interest and he turned towards the other boy, "Lemme hear them," he said, voice small.

Jack proceeded to tell Hiccup about how they could possibly think about making the walls taller since Jack was bigger than Hiccup was. How they could think about adding some decorations and maybe even make some snowball reserves.

Hiccup listened with all the awe a ten year old boy could muster and nodded his head at every one of Jack's ideas. He'd never thought of any of them and was impressed at Jack's thoughts. "They all sound great," Hiccup admitted.

Hiccup crawled back into the motte and started digging again, "We should finish the motte first though and then maybe we can start on the walls and maybe the reserves could be in the walls if we made them thick enough!" Hiccup said enthusiastically, looking up at Jack with a huge grin.

Jack smiled warmly down at Hiccup and hopped into the motte beside him, "I've been wondering," Jack started, eyes fixated on the snow in front of him. "What?" Hiccup asked.

"How old are you?" Jack asked, throwing a glance at Hiccup.

For a split second Hiccup considered lying to Jack but only for a second before he shoved the thought out of his head, "Uh, only ten," he answered honestly.

Jack's eyebrows shot up, "Only ten?"

Hiccup blushed and continued digging at the snow. He was often mistaken for younger because of how small he was. It was rare that anyone thought he was older.

"Yeah, why? Do I look older?" Hiccup questioned.

"Not really," Jack answered, scratching the back of his neck, "More like you act way older."

It was Hiccup's turn to be surprised. Did he really act older? He wasn't sure that he did and he'd never been told that he acted older than he was. Then again, nobody really knew him enough. Sure, he was different from the other kids in his village but he'd been told that since he could remember. While all the other Viking kids ran around chasing each other with twigs, Hiccup had always preferred to stay inside and practise reading or maybe draw.

Hiccup shrugged at Jack, he didn't really know how to answer that. "How old are you?" Hiccup questioned in return.

Jack looked a little surprised at Hiccup's question and his brows furrowed in thought. Hiccup sat back on his heels and blew hot air into gloves, waiting for Jack to respond.

"Um, seventeen?" Jack finally answered, though he hesitated.

Hiccup snorted.

"What?" Jack asked indignantly.

"No offence but you don't act like you're seventeen," Hiccup giggled behind his hand.

"I do too!" Jack pouted.

Hiccup laughed, "In my village, the boys are off fighting battles by

the time they're seventeen and here you are building a fort."

Jack turned away from Hiccup and dug viciously into the snow mumbling something about, "Rotten kids." Hiccup laughed and also continued to dig at the hard snow. All he and Jack did was poke fun at each other but the light banter felt right. It warmed Hiccup up until he felt full and Hiccup guessed that this is what it felt like to have a friend. Every time he thought of his time with Jack, even though it'd only been a week, he smiled.

* * *

><p>"Hiccup!"<p>

Hiccup groaned. Today was the day of the week his father didn't make his rounds and he apparently wanted something from Hiccup. He ran to his door and shouted, "Yes, father?"

"Come here!" Hiccup rolled his eyes, what could he possibly want with him? As he made his way down the stairs he mentally went through everything he'd done this week. As far as he knew, it'd been a good week, he hadn't accidentally destroyed anything. Ok, well maybe one thing but that hadn't been his fault! The brake should have been secured if the cart was on a hill, and it should have been able to withstand Hiccup leaning up against it.

"Yeah?" Hiccup asked, now facing his father.

"What are you doing today, son?" Stoick asked, suddenly, "Any, uh, plans?"

Hiccup's eyes narrowed as he looked at his father with suspicion. His father never asked what he was doing, and Hiccup guessed that he really didn't care. Why the sudden change? Was it because of the incident a week ago?

Sure, Hiccup had gone through hell because of "the little stunt he pulled" as his father would say. He hadn't really gotten punished but there had been some angry words from a certain angry Viking chief. Of course there had been no apology for the words that were spoken to Hiccup but Hiccup had already guessed that there wouldn't be.

"Yes, I'm checking the forest grounds for, umâ€¦dragons! To see if they have made nestsâ€¦here?" Hiccup lied pathetically. He'd never had to lie before and the words tumbled off his tongue in a strange way. Stoick looked over his son and Hiccup knew he'd been caught. He clenched his teeth as he waited for his father to say something.

"Well, that's fine. Keep up the good work," Stoick said eventually and with that he turned around to face the fire.

Hiccup stared incredulously at his chief. A small smile graced his lips, well Vikings weren't known for their brains after all.

* * *

><p>Hiccup pulled the pine branches down and stepped into the fort area. He turned to put them back up and then once again turned to face the fort. A small bubble of worry surfaced when he saw no white

haired boy waiting for him with a lazy grin on his face. Hiccup squashed it down; people were allowed to be late.<p>

Hiccup took the time to walk around the perimeter of the fort and gaze at his work of art in wonder. He was excited for how much more amazing the fort would become with the help from Jack. It no longer could be called a fort but a magnificent fortress.

Hiccup walked inside the fort and started his daily routine of brushing or packing down stray bits of snow. He sat down in his chair with a huff and patiently started to wait for Jack. It occurred to him that he should make a chair for Jack too. After all, he couldn't really call this fort just his anymore.

Sure, he'd done most of the work beforehand but now Jack was helping and coming up with great ideas. Yes, this was now Hiccup and Jack's fort. Hiccup smiled at that, it had a nice ring to it. He thought back to the first time he'd properly met Jack Frost. He had hit him on the back of a head with a snowball, almost exactly a week ago.

A week seemed like forever to Hiccup. It felt like he'd known Jack for so much longer but of course that was silly. Hiccup started humming as he patted down snow beside his chair, making the base for Jack's own chair. Suddenly a mischievous thought sprung into Hiccup's mind and he smiled, payback time.

Hiccup ran out of the fort and scooped up some snow into his palm. He ran until he was in the forest, hidden by a small group of trees. Carefully, Hiccup started to shape the lump of snow in his hands so it resembled a ball. He turned away from the fort and picked up some snow to add to the ball, making sure it wasn't too heavy. He continued to shape the ball so it was perfectly rounded and when Hiccup turned to face the fort once again, Jack was there.

He had a worried look on his face as he walked around the fort, looking for him, Hiccup guessed. Hiccup waited until he had a perfect shot at the side of Jack's head and he took it, flinging the snowball into the air. Unfortunately, Hiccup's sleeve rubbed against the side of the tree, alerting Jack to Hiccup's presence. Jack turned towards Hiccup but it was too late, the snowball was already in motion and it caught Jack right in the middle of his face.

Jack stood there like a gaping fish, his mouth opening and closing, eyes as wide as saucers. Hiccup took one look at Jack's face and burst out laughing. He clutched his sides as laughter racked his thin frame, tears came to his eyes and he tried unsuccessfully to wipe at them. At some point he must have fallen to the ground because suddenly there was snow pressed up against his face.

Hiccup continued to howl with laughter but stopped abruptly as he felt snow hit his head, some falling awkwardly into his ear. Hiccup sat up and looked at Jack, simultaneously trying to wipe at the side of his head.

Jack was peeking out from the other side of the fort and Hiccup could quite clearly see a pile of already made snowballs. Jack flung a snowball straight at Hiccup's face and Hiccup rolled out of the way just in time. He quickly got to his feet and scooped up another lump of snow; he patted it down and waited. When he caught sight of a brown shawl he flung it but sadly, it hit a tree and burst.

"Missed me!" He heard Jack call.

Hiccup got to work on making his own ammunition pile and got rewarded with a snowball to the chest when he wasn't paying attention. Hiccup grabbed one of his poorly made snowballs and crept around the fort only to see Jack peering around the other corner. Quietly he threw the snowball and gave a shout of victory when it met its target.

Hiccup quickly scrambled around the fort as Jack turned in surprise. He ran through the entrance of the fort and realized couple seconds too late that he had nothing to make any snowballs with in here, the snow being too hard and too packed down. Hiccup groaned inaudibly and watched the entrance with focused eyes; if he couldn't fight back then he could at least dodge.

Without warning a snowball hit Hiccup straight on the top of the head as if it had fallen. Hiccup looked up and saw Jack perched on the wall, staff in hand and two very large piles of snowballs on either side of him. Jack started throwing the balls of snow with rapid fire, hitting Hiccup more than once. Hiccup tried to make a run for the exit only to be bombarded with more snowballs as Jack leapt from wall to wall.

Hiccup could think of no way out of this and sighing in defeat he curled into a ball, arms covering his head for protection, "Alright, ok! You win! I surrender!" Hiccup yelled. He tentatively lifted his head when he no longer felt any snowballs hitting him.

Hiccup pursed his lips and looked up the white haired boy. Jack sat smirking on the edge of the wall, a warning snowball still in his hand. "May this be a lesson, young grasshopper," Jack said, with a fake air of haughtiness, "Never, ever challenge a master."

For the second time that day Hiccup rolled his eyes, "There's always next time," he said with a small smile.

"Yeah, sure and I'll beat you then too," Jack declared, hopping off of the wall and landing beside Hiccup, "I have years more experience."

Hiccup pouted, "Only seven."

Jack only laughed at that before he turned towards the lump of snow that was beside Hiccup's chair. "What's this?" He asked, bending down to inspect it.

Hiccup blushed and started playing with his earlobe, "Oh, um, I thought that maybe you'd want a chair too, um, if you want."

Jack looked back at Hiccup with a grin on his face, "Sure!"

They spent the next half hour making Jack's chair and Hiccup thought it was strange because it had taken him a full day to make his own. Jack's chair was almost twice as big as Hiccup's, though they did have two people to work on it. The chair looked much like Hiccup's, almost identical. They made sure to leave enough room on the side for Jack to lean his staff up against the wall of the fort where it currently sat.

Both of the boys were too engrossed in making Jack's chair that neither of them noticed the sky growing steadily darker.

* * *

><p>"I should probably be getting back home, I've stayed later than usual," Hiccup said as got up brushing the snow off of his knees.<p>

Jack stood up too and looked up at the sky and gasped. Hiccup looked up as well and saw extremely dark grey clouds through the pine trees. A while ago Hiccup had noticed some snow falling through the pine tree branches that hung over the fort. At the time, he'd thought nothing of it, it was winter after all.

Too late did he realise that this was no ordinary snowfall, it was a snowstorm and snowstorms on Berk were a force to be reckoned with. They lasted for hours and sometimes days. People didn't leave their houses except to get food and even then it was done in groups so no one got lost. More than a few ended up dead when a snowstorm hit Berk.

Judging by the clouds overhead the storm would be almost at full force by now, the wind would be outrageous and you would have practically zero visibility. Hiccup sat down in his chair as his heart started to hammer in his chest and options immediately started whizzing through his head.

A) Leave the forest to try and get through the village to make it to your house. Success: 46%

>B) Leave the forest to go to the village and call out in hopes that someone will hear you. Success: 24%
C) Stay in the forest and don't leave the fort where there is shelter from the wind and snow. Success: 78%

Hiccup mentally circled letter C and sat down in his chair, shivering not from the cold but from fright. Small bits of snow landed around him as they fell past the pine trees and Hiccup was immensely thankful for said pine trees. Without them, they would have surely been buried ages ago. Then again, without them, they would have been alerted to the storm's presence ages ago as well.

Jack sat beside Hiccup in his newly finished chair with a sigh. "We're trapped here," Hiccup stated, "We can't leave because of the storm and if we did our chances of survival wouldn't be all that high."

Jack nodded, "But if we stay here you have a chance of freezing to death."

Hiccup picked up on the use of "you" instead of "us" but didn't comment. He was right; they did have a chance of freezing to death. Hiccup felt true terror grip at his heart and he started to shake harder. He was not going to die here, he was not going to die here, he was not going to die here, he chanted in his head.

Unpleasant thoughts found their way to Hiccup's head and he suddenly remembered that nobody knew where he was. He found it ironic that he had taken extra care so that nobody found out about this place and

now because of that, he could potentially die.

Hiccup gasped and opened his eyes, unaware that he'd even closed them. He felt his eyes sting and he rubbed at them impatiently. Now was not the time to cry, he was going to show Jack that he could be a man. He was not going to cry, he was not going to cry, he was not going to cry, he chanted. Chanting was good, chanting meant you were focusing.

Unfortunately the tears were persistent and fell silently down his cheeks. Gods, he was scared. He was so scared. More scared than he could ever remember being. Suddenly Jack was in front of Hiccup having gotten out of his seat. Jack put his hand over Hiccup's, "Hey! Hey, it's alright, this isn't that bad," he said, wiping away Hiccup's tears with his thumb.

Hiccup let out a humorless laugh, "Kind of," he disagreed.

"No it's not, we're not going to let this storm get the best of us, we're gonna have a little fun instead."

* * *

><p>Get it? Anyone that's seen RotG will get this, hopefully. Ok, I said Jack asked bc if you say it out loud it sound like jackass&| and I'm immature, woot.
This may of seemed like a filler chapter but I promise you it's not. It's important. Every SINGLE word is important.
>Just realised I spelt motte wrong in the chapters before this...awkward.
I changed the prologue to Chapter One because I felt it was the right thing to do.
>Love you all. I seriously do. Like, unhealthy love. Ok.
&|le sick Charles.

4. Chapter 4

It's late again, I know. I'm sorry.

>I dislike this chapter, I think it's rushed. Oh well. Maybe I'll come back and edit it but for now, here.
Also, it's not as long as previous chapters but like I said ^ it was rushed.
>Enjoy!<p>

* * *

><p>Chapter Four<p>

"Fun?" Hiccup squeaked, as he looked at Jack with disbelief. He sniffled and wiped the remaining tears from his eyes. "How can we possibly have fun right now, Jack?" He asked, sitting beam straight in his makeshift chair, still shivering.

"We're, um&|," Jack's lips pursed in thought before breaking into a wide smile, "We're going to do some interior decorating!" He shouted, looking at Hiccup expectantly.

Hiccup's eyebrows shot up and he looked Jack over. This boy he had happened to stumble upon must be crazy or just terribly naive. While a deadly storm raged over their heads, Jack's master plan was to decorate this inside of the fortress? Hiccup sighed but nodded

hesitantly. He trusted Jack and if Jack thought that doing some interior decorating would help then so be it. It's not like they had much options.

Hiccup wrapped his arms around himself in what looked like a self-hug, trying to keep warmth present. He was absolutely terrified but some part of him thought Jack might be on to something, if their minds were kept busy then maybe this could go a lot smoother.

"How exactly do you want to go about this interior decorating?" Hiccup asked Jack, looking at him from his spot on the chair.

"I thought that maybe we could do those snowball reserves in the wall and then maybe even work on stocking them full of perfect snowballs," Jack suggested, standing up. He walked over to wear his staff that was leaned up against the fort wall and grabbed it.

"But for us to make snowballs you're going to have to goâ€"

"Outside, yeah," Jack finished.

Before he knew what he was doing Hiccup jumped up from his chair and grabbed Jack firmly by the arm, "Don't leave me!"

Jack looked surprised at Hiccup's outburst but quickly regained his posture, "It's ok, I'll be right back," Jack assured Hiccup, putting a comforting hand on his little shoulder. Hiccup stared into those blue eyes with his own wide, green ones. He slowly let his hands drop from Jack's arm before saying, "You will come back, right?" He asked tentatively, hating how his voice shook.

"Of course," Jack promised, backing up from Hiccup and turning around to leave out the entrance, quickly disappearing as he rounded the corner. Hiccup was left standing there in the middle of the fort feeling the bitter emptiness of being alone.

He sank into a chair and realised numbly that it was Jack's but not particularly caring he sat in the oversized chair anyways. He pulled his knees up to his chest and wrapped his arms around them, resting his chin on his knees. He sighed as he watched the entrance to the fort with a focused gaze. They were in no danger from wild animals seeing as animals would be back in their respective homes.

Hiccup thought about all the people huddled by the fires in their homes and felt jealousy settle in his stomach. They probably had blankets around them and maybe even warm yak milk to warm their insides. Hiccup yearned for a nice cup of warmed yak milk at the moment. A rough shiver brought him back to face his situation; he was starting to get colder.

He started rubbing his legs, trying to create some friction. His eyes were still trained on the entrance of the fortress. Jack had only been gone for a couple minutes at most and it was ridiculous for Hiccup to start worrying so soon. Jack had promised he would come back. Hiccup trusted him.

He vaguely wondered what his father was doing right now. Hiccup had told him that he was out checking for dragon nests but he was usually home by this time. Stoick probably thought Hiccup was just holed up

in his room like he usually was around now. After Hiccup went home from playing with Jack he usually spent the remainder of the day in his room. His father didn't talk to him unless it was to call him down for supper.

Hiccup felt the cool clutches of hopelessness grab him; his father wouldn't know he was still out here until supper time. They had at least another four hours to go. Hiccup groaned aloud and rested his forehead on his knees. Today was just not working out for him.

Not that things usually worked out for him. No, everything Hiccup tried to do failed. Though, Hiccup supposed he was becoming accustomed to everything failing. His name fit him perfectly; he was a hiccup, a flaw. He would forever be looked at as if he didn't belong. But Hiccup knew this and had accepted it a while ago, he just had to get used to living alone.

Well, that is until Jack Frost showed up. Now, Hiccup was happier than he'd ever been. Jack is his friend, or at least he hopes he's his friend.

"Hiccup!"

Hiccup looked up to see Jack bounding through the entrance of the fortress, staff in the crook of his elbow and the biggest snowball Hiccup had ever seen in his arms. Jack dumped the snowball on the ground and it fell apart.

Hiccup got up from his chair and started brushing off the bits of snow that clung to Jack's shawl, "Missed me that much?" Jack teased. Hiccup blushed and withdrew his hand.

Jack's hair stood at odd ends like he'd ruffled it with his hands or more specifically, like he'd been exposed to strong winds. Hiccup's brow furrowed, there was no way there was that kind of wind in this dense forest. Deciding he'd think on it later, Hiccup pushed the thought from his mind.

They both turned to their respective walls and started digging, "Be careful not to dig too far or you'll dig straight through the walls," Jack advised, while digging. "Roger," Hiccup muttered.

It only took them an hour to dig a small, square hole in two of the walls. By the time they were done, Hiccup was shivering and he could just barely feel his fingers. Jack turned to him with a small frown on his face, "Ever heard of Jumping Jacks?"

Hiccup looked at him with confusion as he started rubbing his gloved hands to try and create warmth, "Uh, no," he admitted.

"Of course you haven't because I made them up."

"Ok," said Hiccup, trying to guess where Jack was going with this.

"It's a technique to help keep you warm," Jack explained, "You spread your arms and legs out wide and then snap them close to your body. Like this," he started doing the odd movement with his arms and legs, spreading out like a star and then going stock straight. "C'mon, try it."

Hiccup looked at him quizzically but obeyed, copying Jack's motion. Nothing happened at first but the more Hiccup did it the more heat he could feel radiating in his coat. It was brilliant, his exertion was causing warmth.

Hiccup thought about how odd it would look to see him and Jack doing these strange motions in the middle of his fortress and in the middle of a storm no less. The thought was humorous and he threw his head back and let out a laugh. Jack laughed along with Hiccup and it felt nice, carefree and like they had no worries in the world. Of course it was the exact opposite.

Jack called out a simple, "Stop," a couple minutes later and he and Hiccup got to work on the snowballs. Hiccup was considerably warmer and his fingers weren't quite so numb.

They worked on molding the snowballs for a good hour and by the end of it Hiccup was cold and frustrated. No matter what he did, he could not make a snowball that matched Jack's. Jack's snowballs came out in perfect circles and they were just the right size. Hiccup's were either too large, too small or came out looking like some sort of demented square.

Hiccup sighed and started absentmindedly rubbing his hands together, they were numb again. Hiccup was shivering and oh how he wished he was around a roaring fire at the moment. In his peripheral vision he saw Jack give him a worried look and then look up at the sky.

Hiccup turned to Jack when Jack crawled over, "Take off your mitts," he commanded softly. Hiccup complied and the moment they were off Jack wrapped his larger hands around Hiccup's much smaller ones.

Hiccup let out a sigh of relief when warmth enveloped his hands and he almost groaned out loud. Jack was just as warm as he remembered from that night all those days ago. He had to restrain from putting his freezing face into Jack's very inviting neck. Fortunately for him, he was more aware than he was a week ago.

"I have an idea," Jack whispered.

"What?"

"We're going to have to curl up together again," Jack said, he tried to sound regretful but Hiccup saw through it.

"Why?" Hiccup questioned.

"We can use each other's body heat to keep warm."

Hiccup thought about that. His mind was shouting at him to say no because he would never recover from the embarrassment but his body was shouting at him to say yes because of Jack's warmth. It wouldn't be so bad to curl up against Jack again would it? They weren't complete strangers anymore. They were friends, sort of.

Did friends curl up against each other? Not Viking friends. Viking friends showed affection through physical contact and usually it was painful physical contact.

Then again, Hiccup had never been a Viking anyways. "Sure," he said tentatively.

Jack smiled and crawled over so his back was up against the fortress wall. He smiled at Hiccup and patted his lap invitingly. Hiccup blushed but crawled over anyways, curling up against Jack Frost.

For a couple moments they were silent. Hiccup was curled towards Jack, his head lay on Jack's shoulder, hands splayed out on Jack's stomach and his knees were brought up close to his chest. Jack's head was resting on Hiccup's and he had his arms wrapped around Hiccup. They fit together almost as if they were a puzzle piece.

Hiccup's face was heated and he guessed it was because he was sporting a marvelous blush. Why wouldn't he be blushing? He was currently curled up against Jack and he was doing it while coherent! But, oh he was so warm. A part of Hiccup was wondering why Jack wasn't freezing like Hiccup was but another part of Hiccup, the instinctual side, didn't care as long as there was warmth.

"Will your parents come to find you?" Jack asked softly.

Hiccup closed his eyes; he'd been wondering the same thing. "If my dad knows I'm gone he'll probably try and find me."

"What do you mean if he knows you're gone?"

"He usually doesn't know where I am or doesn't care," Hiccup answered.

"Oh."

"It's not like I blame him. He's the chief; he's got duties to the village and all that," Hiccup mumbled. He wasn't sure why he was telling Jack this. There was something about being snuggled up to someone that meant you could tell them anything. Or maybe it was just him.

"What about friends, won't they know where you are?"

"If I had any."

"You don't have any friends?" Jack sounded surprised.

"None. I'm not like the rest of them," 'them' came out a little harsher than he intended, "I'm not strong, I'm not fearless, I'm not big and I'm not courageous. I'm not a Viking and they don't want me there," Hiccup finished, it seems once he had started the words had just flowed. It felt nice to get that off of his chest.

For once in the week Hiccup had known him, Jack was seemingly speechless. Hiccup could feel his consciousness start to drift and wondered why exactly he was getting sleepy. It was probably only a couple hours past lunch if his stomach was anything to go by. Hiccup guessed it was probably because he was so cozy. Jack was a perfect human pillow.

Before he fell asleep he had to know something. The question had been playing with his subconscious and it was only now that he realized

that he needed a solid answer.

"Jack, are we friends?"

Jack didn't answer right away and if Hiccup wasn't falling asleep he probably would have been worried.

"Yeah, I think so."

Hiccup felt a warmth like nothing he'd ever felt settle in his heart. He and Jack were friends and Jack had just made it official. Hiccup had done it. He hadn't failed with Jack, he had made a friend. A lazy grin spread on Hiccup's lips and he felt warm for an entirely different reason. He had a friend.

"Mmm, don't leave me," Hiccup murmured. It was a raw request from the bottom of his heart. It was a heavy-eyed moment and if Hiccup were coherent he probably would have stuttered a lousy excuse. He kept awake long enough to hear a small, "I won't, I promise," before he fell asleep, wrapped securely in the arms of a boy who went by Jack Frost.

* * *

><p>Hiccup awoke to his wooden ceiling and then promptly groaned because he had definitely been through this before. He pushed himself up into a sitting position and then looked to see his father sitting on a stool by the fire. "Hey, dad."<p>

Stoick turned to face his son with a glare that lacked fire, "How are you feeling?" he asked.

"Um, fine," Hiccup answered, "Can you tell me how I ended up here?" He asked because last thing he remembered was being curled up with Jack in their fortress.

Stoick cleared his throat, "Well, uh, you were just on the doorstep."

"What?" Hiccup asked, getting out of his bed.

"I thought you were in your room when the storm hit but it turns out that you weren't. Somehow someone dropped you off on the doorstep," Stoick said awkwardly.

Hiccup's brows furrowed in thought, Jack had dropped him off at home? How could Jack have possibly walked through the village during a storm and dropped him off at his house? How did he even know where Hiccup lived?

"Were you with anyone when you were, uh, searching for dragon nests?" Stoick asked.

"Um, nope, just me. I guess, I fell asleep next to a tree and some random passerby found me," Hiccup lied.

"It's possible," Stoick mumbled seeming disinterested already.

"What time is it? Is the storm over?" Hiccup questioned.

"It's just after supper. Yes, the storm was ending just around the time you were dropped off," Stoick answered, "I'm going to go check on the villagers, I'll be back soon. There's some soup over the fire, help yourself."

He turned to go down the stairs, "Oh, someone dropped those off for you," Stoick threw over his shoulder, jerking his thumb towards a pile of books, "They said it was from Gothi." And then he was gone, thumping down the stairs.

Hiccup walked to the pile of books and picked one up, the title read, "Parents and How They Work" he picked up another and it read, "Ten Signs that a Storm is Coming" the last one read, "Gods and Legends Alike".

Hiccup shrugged and walked over to his desk in the corner of the room. He sat the books down with a large thump and he hopped onto his chair. Gothi always was lending him books and most of the time he didn't ask for them. He enjoyed reading though so he took the books as a blessing and did not question them. A week later he would walk up to Gothi's hut and return them just as they were.

Nobody in the village read at all. The only Gods the Vikings really knew about were those of Loki, Odin and Thor. Their tale was the one with the harshest battles, the most blood and violence so why shouldn't the Vikings only know about them?

Hiccup was convinced that the only one that knew all the Gods was Gothi and she didn't speak so that didn't help them. Maybe that was why the dragon's attacked them; maybe the Gods were getting their own sort of revenge. Hiccup smirked at that.

Hiccup opened "Gods and Legends Alike" and flipped to the first page. It was just an introductory on the book and what it held, uninterested he flipped to the next page. It held a list of known Gods with their respective page numbers and Hiccup numbly scanned through it.

He was about the flip the page when a name popped out at him, "Jokul Frosti: Page 56". Hiccup's eyebrows shot up and he scrambled to find the page fifty-six. When he found it he quickly read the description:

"Jokul Frosti is a winter god who brings winter to all the lands. He decorates the trees with the ice and he freezes the ponds. He is responsible for the cold morn and the freezing night. Son of the winds, Jokul Frosti brings the storms, he brings the snow and the hail. With him is his object of power, The Staff. Without it Jokul Frosti is nothing but a winter sprite. His powers are crippled."

Hiccup quit reading and leaned back in his chair, eyes blown wide. Jack Frost, Jokul Frosti. It all makes sense! They way Jack is never cold, the way he makes perfect snowballs and his addiction to his staff! Hiccup's mouth dropped open when he realized that he had been playing with a God all week. He'd cuddled with a God! He was friends with a God!

Hiccup's body went limp as he thought of his time with Jack. All the times he'd made fun of him, he was making fun of a God. Oh Gods, he'd

thrown a snowball at a God's face! Hiccup flung an arm over his eyes, why him. Of all the people he could befriend he had to befriend a God.

Hiccup smiled, he was so going to tell Jack off for not telling him! All the things Jack could have done with the fortress if he'd only revealed himself to Hiccup. Why hadn't he revealed himself to Hiccup? Did he think Hiccup would be scared?

Yeah right, this was the coolest thing to ever happen to him.

* * *

><p>The ending makes me want to shoot at a wall (Sherlock reference). I hate it. UGH. Sorry, venting. Yeah, I think I'll come back and edit the crap out of this.
I just wanted to give it to you guys cause I love you. A lot.

>I got my AO3 invite and this story is going to be up on there too. I might even take it down from here. Meh, who knows.
You guys were getting smart. Yes, I'm aware that Jack Frost comes from Norse mythology. Before people jump me, I will be changing bits and pieces of certain mythology to fit the story.

>To the people wondering if Toothless will appear, do you want me to tell you the whole story?
Fun Fact: All of the last four chapters were supposed to be my prologue. lol nope.

5. Chapter 5

I'm on winter break so hopefully that means that I will update some more before school starts. I don't know, though.

>I've reached 6,000 views and I'm so happy. I love you all so much. *ugly sobbing*
To the people asking if I would actually tell you the whole story. Hell to the no.

>This story is on AO3 (it'll tell you if toothless is in this or not just saying) under the same title and my same name. Just thought you should know.
This chapter killed me. Also, I listened to 'In my Viens' by Andrew Belle while writing this.

* * *

><p>Chapter Five<p>

Hiccup walked through the village with a slower pace than usual to go meet Jack. Usually he had a bounce to his step, looking forward to the fun he was sure to have with his white haired friend. Today nervousness coursed through his being and he was almost hesitant to go to Jack. It's not that he wasn't excited to see Jack, of course he was, today was just different from all the rest.

He was going to question Jack about the discovery he'd made two days ago. He originally was going to question Jack the next day but decided against it. He decided that he was going to observe Jack for a couple days just so he could be sure. He wanted to look at everything with a different perspective now that he knew what Jack was. He couldn't really pick out anything out of the ordinary, other than Jack seeming to never ever get cold or maybe his snowball making abilities.

Today Hiccup was going to demand that Jack tell him the truth. He

wanted to know. A thousand different questions had been going through Hiccup's mind when he had finished reading the page on "Jokul Frosti".

Along with the questions, doubts had arisen and were now the source of his nervousness. What if Hiccup was wrong? What if Jack left because Hiccup found out? Hiccup started nibbling on his bottom lip in worry. Half of him wanted to forget about ever reading that stupid book. It had complicated everything.

Though, it was true Hiccup and Jack's relationship was complicated as it was. They were friends but Hiccup got the feeling they weren't normal. At least not normal in Viking standards, then again, Hiccup himself wasn't normal in Viking standards anyways.

Hiccup took out the folded paper that read "Jokul Frosti" at the top. After some deliberation, he had ripped the page from the book and had prayed that Gothi wouldn't notice when he returned it. There was no chance that Hiccup could haul that big book all the way out to his and Jack's fort. He would probably end up dropping it in the snow and ruining it. He thought that Gothi would rather have her book minus one page than no book at all.

During the last two days he had read the page over about a hundred times and had slowly but surely pieced together the growing puzzle. He had taken the information from the page and had related it to everything about Jack. Almost everything had fit perfect except one thing that left Hiccup puzzled. Why did that storm come when Jack could have easily prevented it?

Hiccup shook his head slightly, he was not thinking about this again. He had thought about it for two days straight and he had come to no conclusion so it would not do to think about it now. Hiccup scanned the paper once more, there were a couple of words he did not understand and that frustrated him. Even though he was the probably the best reader on Berk he was only ten. He still had more to learn.

He could simply ask an adult but chances were they wouldn't know either. Hiccup snickered behind his hand, that was most likely true.

Hiccup ran his hand through his hair with a sigh. The article mentioned something about a Goddess and Jack but he didn't know their relation. Were they enemies? Were they friends? Hiccup didn't know because he couldn't understand the words that led up to them. Towards the end of the chapter about Jack it said something about Jack saving the goddess. It still didn't tell him what they meant to each other, though.

He had considered asking Gothi but then he would have to get Gobeil to come up with him since Gobeil was the only one that could understand Gothi's cryptic symbols. That would be too much work and Gobeil would probably ask too many questions.

Mystery goddess didn't really matter; Hiccup guessed that maybe Jack already knew about her. Hiccup felt jealousy rising in him at the thought of Jack playing with another friend. Jack is allowed to have other friends he told himself sternly. Besides, Jack had said that he and Hiccup were friends.

Hiccup smiled, Jack had said that he and Hiccup were friends. Hiccup had a friend. The memory alone could keep him warm on any cold day.

Hiccup realized that he was being silly about being so nervous to go see Jack. Jack and he were friends. Jack wouldn't leave him, he had said, promised even. There was no reason to be scared. With that thought Hiccup sped up his pace and fast walked to the outskirts of the forest.

* * *

><p>Hiccup was abruptly on his behind and he blinked, unsure how he had ended up there. He looked down and thought that maybe it was because he had a snowball splattered down his front. He looked up to see Jack standing partially behind a tree, hand over mouth in an attempt to smother the laughter emanating from him. Hiccup scowled and got off of the cold ground, brushing himself off as he did so.<p>

He had just arrived and this is what he was welcomed with. He broke out in a smile when he realized that that was exactly what he did to Jack. It wasn't exactly pleasant, he would admit. Hiccup quickly checked to make sure his page was still in his pocket and then bent down to grab a handful of snow.

For the past two days, this was all Hiccup and Jack had been doing. They had been steadily ignoring their snow fortress duties. The snowball fights would start off with someone suddenly throwing a snowball at the other and things would escalate until it was a full blown war. Hiccup had been getting better but Jack still beat him every time, cornering him or even one time burying him in snow.

This time, Hiccup was determined to win. Along with pondering over the Jokul Frosti page in Gothi's book he had been working on some snowball war strategies.

Hiccup flung his now finished snowball at where Jack had been standing a couple of seconds ago but missed. He briefly thought about stopping the sure to come snowball fight and talk to Jack about his discovery but a snowball aimed at him quickly shoved that thought away.

Hiccup ducked out of the way as the snowball came hurtling through the air towards him. He had been practising his ducks and roles in secret and had gotten considerably better even though he still tripped more than not. Hiccup scooped up some snow and quickly punched it down, flinging it at the figure he'd seen move behind a tree.

"That's the best you got?" Jack mocked from behind the tree.

"Yeah, well at least I don't hide!" He mocked back.

Hiccup bent down to pick up more snow but got rewarded with a snowball landing square on his knee. Hiccup gritted his teeth and stood up, one firm snowball in his hand and some loose snow in his other. He had a plan.

He looked up to see Jack an arm's length away from him, one hand drawn back with a snowball in it, poised to strike. Hiccup mimicked his actions and they stood there, not moving and not breaking eye contact. Hiccup counted to three in his head and then quick as lightning threw his loose snow at Jack's face.

Jack let out an undignified yelp and Hiccup pounced on Jack. Instead of Hiccup bear hugging Jack like he'd planned, Jack lost his balance, sending both him and Hiccup to the snow covered ground. Hiccup scrambled to straddle Jack, holding his somewhat squished snowball up in a threatening manner.

Jack looked up at Hiccup with wide eyes blinking. "Alright, alright. You win," he conceded.

Hiccup grinned in triumph, hopping off of Jack. "I win!" He yelled out in glee, he punched the air and turned to look at Jack who was getting up.

"What do you know?" Jack asked shaking his head, "The kid actually beat me."

"Who are you calling a kid?" Hiccup pouted.

"Although with very dirty techniques I might add," Jack went on, ignoring Hiccup.

Hiccup continued to pout, "All is fair in love and war," he said quoting something he'd heard from Gober.

Jack smiled, "Probably."

Hiccup clapped his gloved hands, getting some of the snow off of them. He then shoved his hands in his pockets and felt the page from Gothi's book. Hiccup's brows creased and he bit his lip, it was now or never.

"Hiccup?"

Hiccup met Jack's uncertain eyes and quickly looked away. It was ok, he and Jack were friends. Hiccup counted to three in his head once more and let out a loud sigh.

"I know what you are," he said, looking back up at Jack.

Jack was frozen. He was looking directly at Hiccup but he was staring with unseeing eyes. Hiccup felt his heart stutter. What did he do? He should have just left it alone. He should have just ignored it. He should have just trusted Jack enough to tell him in his own time. Hiccup swallowed heavily. Say something he pleaded to Jack in his mind. Please just say something.

Hiccup did the only thing he knew, he turned to walk away because walking away was easier then facing whatever it was that was hurting you. Walking away meant that you wouldn't have to face it and it didn't hurt. Before he could reach the pine branches, a frail and unguarded voice reached his ears, "Wait."

Hiccup paused but he didn't turn around, he scrunched his eyes close. If you can't see it then you don't have to face it.

"Please," Jack whispered, he sounded close, "Look at me."

Hiccup opened his eyes and he let out a breath he hadn't realized he'd been holding. He slowly turned around to face the white haired god that went by Jack Frost. He was dimly surprised at how close Jack was to him. Their height difference had never been as apparent as it was now, Jack towered over Hiccup. Hiccup slowly looked up into Jack's eyes, seeing them in a new light. He realized that every time he had looked at Jack, Jack had been staring back with guarded eyes.

The eyes he was faced with now were not, Jack had been exposed by Hiccup, stripped of his confidentiality by Hiccup.

Hiccup continued to look into those blue eyes but all too suddenly he started to feel awkward, an unknown feeling settling into his stomach making it feel like it was doing jumping jacks. Hiccup looked away from those endless blue eyes and cleared his throat.

"What am I?" Jack asked abruptly, stepping away from Hiccup and holding out his arms as if he was under inspection.

Hiccup looked at Jack with confusion but answered with the only response he knew for sure, "You are Jack Frost."

Jack let a half-hearted laugh, flinging his head back, "But what does that mean?" He asked, though Hiccup wasn't sure if the question was directed towards him or the grey sky. Hiccup wasn't sure where this conversation was going but he decided to let Jack have his way with it. He'd already done enough today.

"What do you think I am?" Jack asked, looking back at Hiccup, arms now limp by his side.

Hiccup wordlessly pulled out the page that read "Jokul Frosti" at the top and thrust it towards Jack. Jack took it, a look of curiosity on his face but he immediately handed it back to Hiccup, "I can't read," he shrugged.

Hiccup's eyebrows shot up, what kind of God doesn't know how to read Viking language? "Well, it basically says here that you are a Viking God," Hiccup looked at the sheet and back at Jack.

Jack had a look of wonder on his face, "A God?"

"Yeah or more specifically an ice God. It says that you're a God that controls the storms of Winter with the help of your staff," Hiccup finishes.

Jack's brows creased and his lips pursed in what Hiccup guessed was thought. Jack ran a hand through his already tussled hair making it even more so.

"So, is it true?" Hiccup asks uncertainly.

Jack looks back up at Hiccup, "Um, yeah, I guess so."

Hiccup smiles, "C-can I see?"

"See what?"

"Your powers!"

Jack grins and heads into the fort where Hiccup guesses his staff is. Hiccup's eyes grow infinitely wide as he sees Jack fly out of the fort with his staff in hand. He lands gracefully and does a little bow. Afterwards he waves his staff and snowballs materialize in front of Hiccup's eyes.

After a moment of silence, Jack speaks up, hesitation in his voice, "Hiccup?"

Hiccup was having a hard time processing everything he just saw. He had told himself that he would be ready for whatever Jack was going to show him. However, that was easier said than done. Jack had just flown out of their fortress and he had just made snowballs from nothing! A sudden thought came to him and Hiccup felt annoyance overshadow his other emotions.

"You cheated at our snowball fights!" He accused, glaring at Jack.

Jack blinked once in shock before laughing at Hiccup's outburst. Hiccup rolled his eyes and crossed his arms. No wonder he couldn't win against Jack, he'd been fighting against a God! Something occurred to him and he smirked.

"Pretty lousy God you are," he said and Jack stopped laughing.

"What's that supposed to mean?" Jack questioned.

"You lost to a ten year old Viking," Hiccup reminded him, his smirk turning into a grin.

Jack opened his mouth to retort but closed it again. Hiccup guessed that there really was nothing to say back to that.

Jack looked down at the ground and then back up at Hiccup through his eyelashes, "But is it really ok?"

Hiccup smiled, "We're going to have to talk about you cheating at our snowball fights but other than that, why wouldn't it be?"

"I don't know, apparently, I'm a God! I've actually lived for, how long has it been? Oh yeah, 107 years!" Jack's voice raised with every word he said and Hiccup could tell that there was a lot of pent up emotions behind his words.

"Jack, we're friends," Hiccup smiled, "I'm not going anywhere just because you're different than me."

Jack smiled warmly in return, "Thank you," and Hiccup could tell that he meant it.

"Do you want to work on the fortress?" Hiccup asked Jack, "Can you do anything for it with your powers?"

Jack looked at the fortress, "I guess I could cover it in frost but

we should wait until it's completely finished."

Hiccup nodded, "Ok, we should work on making the walls thicker, yeah?" He said, walking over to the motte and hopping in before hopping out and kneeling by the wall.

Jack moved to the wall opposite of Hiccup and they both continued their work on the fortress. Hiccup thought about what had just happened and realized that it had gone quite well. Sure, Jack had been shocked that Hiccup had figured it out but he had taken it well. He seemed surprised that Hiccup had called him a God and that confused Hiccup.

Hiccup thought that maybe now was as good a time as ever to ask questions. "Hey, Jokul Frosti!" he called to the other side of the fort where Jack was.

"What did you just call me?!" He head Jack exclaim and Hiccup laughed.

"That's what the book of Gods calls you," Hiccup explained.

"Well, that's stupid. Do not make a habit of calling me whatever it was you just called me, my name's Jack Frost."

Hiccup laughed again, "Ok, fine. Can I ask you a question?"

"Ask away."

"Have you ever heard of a goddess named Ostara?" That was the name of the goddess the page mentioned.

"Hmm, nope. Why?"

"The book mentions something about her and you. I don't know what it says though because I can't read it."

"That's strange. Does it say anything else about her?"

"Yeah, that you have to save her, whatever that means."

Jack was silent for a moment and Hiccup continued to pat away at the fort wall.

"Yeah, that's weird," Jack says finally.

"Yeah, can I ask another question?"

Jack snorts, "Sure."

"If you can control the storms of winter then how come that storm came anyways?"

Hiccup can hear Jack let out a sigh, "That was entirely my fault, I was stupid and careless. I created a storm to send away but I didn't watch to make sure it caught the right air currents. It just hitched a ride back here and hit with all the force I'd intended."

"But you made it go away right?"

"Yeah, but even I can't make it stop just like that once it's already started. It takes time."

"Oh, well it's ok. Nobody got hurt. We get tons of storms here anyways. Sometimes the adults have bets for how long they can stay in the storm."

"Well, that's stupid."

"You're telling me, sometimes their kids join in and they don't even stop them! When I'm older and I have my own kids, I'm going to be nowhere except huddled around the fire," Hiccup declared.

Jack was silent for several minutes after Hiccup's comment and Hiccup got up to walk around to Jack's side of the fortress. He found Jack kneeling with his head resting against the wall. "Jack?" Hiccup asked.

Jack looked up and smiled, "Yeah?"

Hiccup smiled back at him but with furrowed brows, Jack's smile was not legitimate. He shrugged it off and decided that he'd talk to Jack about it tomorrow. "I should probably be getting back," Hiccup said, gesturing to the pine branches. Jack nodded and got up.

Hiccup walked to the pine branches and looked back at a deflated Jack, "Bye, Jack."

"Bye, Hiccup," Jack smiled but it was fake again, Hiccup could tell.

Hiccup walked through the pine branches and started heading out of the forest. He tried to shake the awful feeling of uneasiness but he couldn't.

* * *

><p>When he pulled back the pine branches the next day to see the fortress covered in frost Hiccup felt something happen to his heart and it physically hurt. Hiccup put a hand over his aching heart and looked down at it with blank eyes.<p>

He walked into the fortress and found his seat there but not Jack's; it was like it had never existed. He looked around the interior of the fortress with blank eyes and then walked out again to sit cross-legged while facing the fortress.

He wasn't sure how he knew Jack wasn't coming back but he could feel it somewhere deep inside of him. It was logical to assume that he had covered the fortress as a goodbye present. Jack had said that it shouldn't be frosted until it was completely finished. It was logical to assume that Hiccup would not be finishing the fort without Jack.

Hiccup blinked and wondered what exactly it was that he was feeling. His friend that he had made, his first friend, wasn't coming back. He had left Hiccup. Exactly how he promised he wouldn't.

"Jack?" Hiccup shouted abruptly, this was all just one of Jack's jokes. He was going to pop out from behind a tree and say something

about how snow sticks to frost better, didn't Hiccup know? But Hiccup's plea was met with silence that was louder than anything Hiccup had ever heard.

Suddenly Hiccup felt it very hard to draw in a breath and his heart started pounded quite loudly in his chest. When did this knot appear in his throat? Tears stung at Hiccup's eyes.

Jack was not here nor was he ever going to come back. He was finished with Hiccup, just like their fortress was finished.

The tears started to fall and a sob ripped itself free from Hiccup's throat. He wiped at the tears with the back of his gloved hand. His mitts were probably going to get wet but he didn't care because Jack was gone.

Hiccup was unsure how long he had sat there and cried. He had cried because he missed Jack already. He had cried because somehow he had realized that Jack was not going to come back. He had cried because he was a ten year old that was in desperate need of the comfort Jack had offered.

How long he has cried wasn't what scared Hiccup, oh no, what scared him was the fact that after he had finished crying, he had gotten up, walked out of the forest and acted like nothing had happened. He had acted like the normal Hiccup that tripped and grinned like a fool even if inside, something had been severed from the rest of him.

Hiccup promised himself that he was never going to go back to that fortress again because walking away meant that you wouldn't have to face it and it didn't hurt.

* * *

><p>Wow, um, sorry. I teared up while writing this just because I'm an emotional person and I was listening to sad music.
Hopefully this didn't suck but I'm planning on going into feelings next chapter so I didn't want to overwhelm you with them in this chapter. That's why the end is so brief.

>Ok, I love you all and thanks for the continued support. You. Guys. Are. Amazing.<p>

6. Chapter 6

Yeah, it's late. I'm not giving excuses but this chapter was a female dog to write. I have no idea why. It just was.

>It's been brought to my attention that Hiccup does not act like a 10 year old. Lemme just say that you are absolutely right. Too late to change it now but I just got so caught up with writing goofy Hiccup. Or maybe it was bc when HTTYD came out, technically Hiccup was 10 when those adventures happened. I don't know. Meh.
Enjoy this very late chapter.

* * *

><p>Chapter Six<p>

_He remembers when he broke his promise to himself and went back to

his fortress. _

Hiccup felt a warm breeze hit his face and he smiled. It had been two weeks since he had last seen Jack Frost and he was fine. Really. He didn't randomly ache in longing and he most definitely did not cry at night when the ache became too much.

He was fine. Everyone else believed it so why shouldn't he?

He usually found something to do during the day that was somewhat entertaining, whether that be reading or searching for gnomes in the woods. Right now he was sitting on his front steps watching the clouds roll through the blue sky. It was an uncharacteristically nice day outside and Hiccup was enjoying it. He found amusement in the clouds because at times you could make them out to be something else. Unfortunately, this form of amusement could only last so long, just like the other things.

Fortunately, Hiccup had recently discovered something that could keep him busy for hours at a time and that was a burnt stick. The end worked as a drawing utensil and Hiccup drew on everything he could find, trees, rocks and even on the ice. He soon was bored with that though because when he would come back the next day, the drawings would be smudged or gone completely.

So, he dug out an unused notebook that has been discarded in the back of a shelf in his sitting room. It was just the right size to fit in Hiccup's vest and it had nice firm sheets of paper within it. He discovered that the burnt stick and the notebook were quite compatible. He found it worked better than any quill and ink. It was difficult to travel with an ink bottle in your coat but the burnt stick was completely portable.

Hiccup rubbed his eyes and then looked up to the sky once more only to quickly notice that the cloud to the right looked like a staff. Hiccup sighed and pulled out his notebook that he kept in his pocket at all times. He flipped open the book and started looking at the different things he'd drawn. He'd been very careful about what he'd drawn because he didn't want to waste the book, even if he could probably buy a new one if he wanted to.

Trader Yohan came every two months with trinkets from all around. When trader Yohan came Hiccup spent almost all day on his ship looking around at all the different items. Hiccup's father would give him a small sack of coins that he could use to buy something. Hiccup rarely did, though. He'd just never found something that could truly be of any use to him. He chose instead, to save his money and wait until there was something that he would use.

Hiccup thumbed one of the pages of his notebook. Currently his book held three pictures, his house, a Viking ship and a snowflake. They weren't too bad if he said so himself, though they did need work. He wasn't very good at drawing but he hoped that with some practise he would get better. Isn't that what Gobeil was always saying to him? "Try harder, Hiccup. Practise makes perfection."

Hiccup sighed and looked away from his notebook and back up at the sky. There was one thing he wanted to try and draw. He wanted to draw his and "his fortress. He wanted to trap it inside of his notebook so that even when it melted, it would still be with him. He knew he

wouldn't be able to keep the memory of his time with Jack alive forever but he could write some of it down.

But he had promised himself that he wouldn't go to the fortress again. Not without Jack. Hiccup felt the ache throb inside of his chest and he grit his teeth. Do not think about Jack Frost.

It couldn't hurt to go back there for just a moment to draw it, right? It's not like he would continue to build it or anything. Hiccup bit his lip and stood up; he'd go back to his fortress, if only to relive some happy memories.

It had taken barely anytime to get to the fortress clearing but once there, Hiccup hesitated. He was about to go back to his fortress. What would he do if Jack was there? Hiccup shook his head firmly, he was not going to get his hopes up. Jack was not coming back and he knew and accepted that.

Taking a deep breath Hiccup pulled back the pine branches to reveal the fortress. It was still beautiful and even more so with the sun shining down on it slightly. The frost covered fortress glittered magnificently in the sunlight and Hiccup was struck with awe. He walked across the moat and to the fortress. He started running his fingers across the smooth surface and he smiled.

He walked to the nearest tree and sat down. He pulled out his notebook and burnt stick and started drawing the fortress. He was doing considerably well even if he could never hope to capture the sheer magnificence of the fortress.

He had only been drawing for a couple minutes before his vision started to blur and he had to put the notebook away for fear of getting the pages wet with his tears.

He wasn't sure what kind of tears he shed anymore. Were they happy, angry, or sad? He had no clue but he was content to allow his emotions have their way with him. He wasn't sure how he felt about Jack leaving him. Sometimes he was angry, sad, confused and sometimes he was happy because Jack had even come into his life at all.

* * *

><p>He remembers when he lost a part of his leg.

Hiccup looked behind him in worry, nobody was following him. Yet.

It had been an accident, like most of the things Hiccup does. He had been sitting against one of the stalls in the market, drawing the fruit stall when Snotlout came along. Snotlout was too busy puffing his chest out and looking cool to see Hiccup at all, let alone his little legs and so he tripped over them. He tripped and went face first into the pie stall. Hiccup had never run so fast in his life to get out of there and the last time he looked behind him, Snotlout had been getting a scolding from the stall owner.

Hiccup looked behind him again and started playing with his earlobe, Snotlout would definitely want revenge. What the question was is when exactly he would seek it out. The only advantage Hiccup held over Snotlout was that he knew the woods better than anyone.

He used to spend almost all of his time in the forest, that is until his father found him a job. He was twelve years old and he had a job helping out around a blacksmith's shop. He did fairly well at it even though most of the weapons were taller than him. He knew Gober appreciated the help and if Hiccup could be useful then he was happy.

He did almost get fired when the first winter since Jack's disappearance came. That was because Hiccup convinced himself that Jack would be coming back and he spent almost all day at the previous fortress clearing. He skipped out on work to chase someone who wasn't coming back.

He thought about Jack often and he missed him. It had been almost two years since Hiccup had last seen him and that fact hurt quite a bit. He wanted to play with him again and he wanted to laugh. He wanted to beat Jack at another snowball fight. He would even bear through Jack's terrible arrogance if he won. But Hiccup had resided himself to the fact that Jack would not be coming back. He was fine with it because Jack had his own immortal life to live and he didn't need Hiccup.

Hiccup kicked at the dirt covered ground and continued walking. There was no point getting depressed over his long lost friend.

"There he is!" Hiccup heard someone shout.

He looked behind him and to his horror he saw Snotlout and the twins running in his direction. Hiccup took off running ahead, swerving between trees and rocks. All too soon he was out of breath but he didn't dare stop because he could still hear the loud footsteps of the other Vikings behind him.

Hiccup spared a glance behind him and his heart sunk a bit, they were gaining on him. He had only a few minutes before they would reach him and so Hiccup formed a plan. He knew the forest better than anyone on this island and he was no stranger to this particular part of the woods. His favorite tree to climb was not far from here. He didn't have a chance at outrunning them but he could maybe out climb them.

Hiccup swerved right and kept running, feeling his heart thump like mad in his chest. Hiccup saw the tree up ahead and when he finally reached it, he wasted no time in climbing. This tree was special; it had been struck by lightning not too long ago causing the top to split in half and splinter. The tree was very fragile and Hiccup could only climb it because of how light he was. He was about halfway up when he heard Snotlout and the twins reach the tree. He turned in his place to look down at the group of young Vikings.

Snotlout still had a bit of strawberry on his nose and pie crust in his hair. Hiccup would have laughed out loud had the situation not been so dire.

"Well? Go after him!" Hiccup heard Snotlout order. Tuffnut starting to climb and it seemed at first that he was fine until one of the branches snapped under his weight and sent him tumbling to the ground. He sat up with a groan and Hiccup smirked. His plan had worked, now he just had to wait it out. Now it was just a battle to see who was the most stubborn.

"Keep trying!" Snotlout shouted angrily at the twins.

"There's no way we can climb that! Only stick and bones up there can," Ruffnut huffed, gesturing to Hiccup up in the tree.

Snotlout glared at Ruffnut before turning his glare up at Hiccup, "Coward! Come fight like a real Viking!"

Hiccup rolled his eyes, "I've never been one of those now have I?"

Snotlout looked away from Hiccup and started looking around him before looking up at Hiccup again with a smile, "If he won't come down, then we'll just have to make him."

Hiccup's brow furrowed, he didn't like the way Snotlout had smiled at him just now. He continued to look at Snotlout with worry as Snotlout bent down and grabbed a rock. Hiccup felt dread pool in his stomach, they wouldn't. Hiccup's eyes widened as Snotlout chucked the rock into the air towards Hiccup. Hiccup leaned to the left and narrowly avoided getting hit in the shoulder.

The twins followed Snotlout's lead and picked up rocks of their own, throwing them up at Hiccup. Hiccup had to lean this way and that just to avoid the flying rocks. He knew he couldn't keep this up forever; one of the rocks would eventually hit him. He couldn't go down so his only option was to go up.

Hiccup looked up and bit his lip in nervousness; he'd never climbed that high in fear of the dangerous splinters. The branches looked pretty weak as well. Hiccup felt a rock connect with his shoulder and he let out a yelp of pain. He had no choice, he'd have to climb. Hiccup grit his teeth and started to climb, he had to at least try.

He started making his way up and made sure to carefully avoid the splinters sticking out from the tree. Hiccup made his way from branch to branch, wincing whenever he heard a groan from one of the branches he was leaned up against. He stopped to catch his breath and looked below him, swallowing heavily. He was quite a ways up from the ground and the splinters were practically right below him. Snotlout and the twins continued to throw rocks but they didn't make it near Hiccup, he was too far up. He heard Snotlout give a shout in frustration and Hiccup grinned.

Suddenly there was a loud snap and Hiccup was falling. He felt pain explode in his leg first but it was quickly followed by other pain as his frail body connected with branches. Time seemed to slow down and he was only dimly aware of the fact that he had landed on the ground. He slowly opened his eyes to find himself on his back and he looked up to see Snotlout staring at him in horror.

Everything hurt, his head, his chest, his arms but his leg hurt most of all. The scent of blood reached his nose and Hiccup started to feel nauseous. He gathered the strength to lift his head and look down the length of his body, only to be greeted with a gruesome sight. A large bloody splinter was sticking through one side of his leg.

Hiccup heard his heart speed up and his breath started coming in shallow bursts. The last thing he remembered was thinking "I'm going to need new pants," before everything faded into black.

* * *

><p>Hiccup had woken in his room, alone and scared. He had sat up feeling like death itself. He had looked down and seen the splint on his wrist and he had felt the bandage on his head. He had pulled back the cover to see the empty space where the bottom part of his left leg should have been. For some reason he hadn't felt anything towards losing his leg. In fact he had felt the stump below his knee that used to be the rest of his leg in wonder.<p>

He felt a drop of water on his hand and once he had felt his face, his hand had come back wet. He hadn't been aware that he had been crying. He wasn't sure why he was crying.

All he knew was that he hadn't been able to stop and he had cried himself to sleep once again.

* * *

><p>He remembers when he first met Toothless.

It was a nice day outside; the sun was shining through the trees of the forest. Hiccup was enjoying the day by walking through the woods, occasionally stopping to draw a pretty flower or an animal of some sort. He thought he was getting better at drawing if he was honest with himself. He took up the hobby of drawing at age twelve and he was now fourteen so he'd had two years to hone his skills. He still wasn't the greatest but he could proudly say that he was the best on Berk. Not that they had ever compared drawings, they were Vikings.

Abruptly, Hiccup's artificial foot snagged on a stray branch sending him flying to the ground. He landed with an "oof." Hiccup sighed and stood up, brushing himself off as he did so. He'd been very good at getting used to his artificial foot. He still tripped everywhere he went but that was mostly because he was clumsy even before he had this artificial foot weighing him down.

He sat down on a rock and let out a puff of breath; it was still tiring to walk for too long. He unclipped the artificial foot from his stump and started massaging his stump with a sigh. He had long ago accepted the fate of his leg. It no longer bothered him, he just wished he could fly when the pain came.

If Jack were here he could just pick Hiccup up and fly him the places he wanted to go. Hiccup smiled, he didn't think Jack would take well to being used as a chauffeur. Gods he missed Jack. He no longer shed any tears for his long lost friend but there were moments in the day that he wanted to run and see Jack. He hadn't seen Jack for four years but he hadn't forgotten him. How could you forget your first friend?

Hiccup looked to the sky when he heard a loud roar. That sounded like a dragon but that's impossible, dragons never attacked during the day. Hiccup's eyes kept scanning the skies for possible dangers but he saw none. He put his artificial foot back on and he stood up. He

heard the roar again and his head snapped in its direction.

Every cell in his being was telling him to turn around and go back to the village where it was safe but it was too late, curiosity had already evaded Hiccup's mind. There was no turning back once Hiccup was curious, he just couldn't. He started walking towards the source of the roar and it took him to a small pathway in the middle to rock walls.

Hiccup hesitantly walked through the passageway until he came to the end. He was standing on the edge of a rock and below him was a bowl like place with rocks as walls. There were a few trees in the clearing, some large rocks and a small pond. Those weren't the things that surprised Hiccup though.

In the middle of the clearing there was a black dragon that stood by the pond. He was smaller than most dragons that Hiccup was familiar with and he was significantly less scary. Hiccup watched the creature in fascination, in his mind he was trying to figure out what type of dragon this one could be. The dragon swiped at the water and gave another loud roar in what Hiccup guessed was frustration.

Was he trying to get food? There must be fish in that pond. Why didn't he just fly away and hunt food that was easier to get? Hiccup's brow creased, he took out his notebook that he kept in his vest at all times. He opened it and started carefully drawing the dragon. It was only after he'd drawn the dragon did he notice the piece he'd been missing.

The dragon was missing a part of his tail. Hiccup pursed his lips and observed the dragon; every time he tried to fly off he swung his tail. Hiccup would bet anything that he needed the part of his tail to fly properly.

Hiccup felt a surge of emotion towards the dragon. Was it sympathy? After all, he and this dragon were the same. They had both lost something irreplaceable (unless this dragon grew back limbs, in which case he was very envious). The dragon gave another loud roar and then shot a fireball at the wall.

Hiccup's eyes widened, he knew that fire. It was known to most Vikings and feared by all. That was the Nightfury's fire and it was deadly accurate. So, he wasn't dealing with just any ordinary dragon. Oh no, he was dealing with a Nightfury.

Hiccup swallowed and willed himself to find the bravery in himself. That bravery Jack had inadvertently shown him how to reach. He was going to help this dragon and that sounded crazy but he felt like he needed to. When he had lost his leg he had to teach himself how to deal with it because nobody was there for him. This dragon had nobody, just like Hiccup. From experience he knew just how scared this dragon was.

Suddenly he was falling. He tumbled a bit before landing on his butt with a thud and Hiccup blinked a couple times. He looked back up from where he'd fallen and guessed that he had leaned too far over the edge. Hiccup then realized where it was exactly he'd fallen and he turned to face the Nightfury. The dragon was looking at him intently with narrowed eyes before he abruptly shot a fireball at Hiccup.

Hiccup let out a yelp before ducking. The fireball hit just above his head and realizing he hadn't been hit he tentatively looked up at the dragon. The dragon was running full speed towards him and he hurriedly backed up against the rock in fear.

The dragon stopped right in front of Hiccup and shoved its face close to Hiccup's. Hiccup didn't dare move as the dragon stared into his eyes. Green on green. The dragon seemed to be searching for something as he made intense eye contact with Hiccup.

Suddenly the dragon pulled away from Hiccup and sat on its haunches looking at him. It had seemingly found all it was looking for in Hiccup. The dragon looked almost harmless sitting there in front of Hiccup, licking its lips and looking at him with wide eyes.

Hiccup smiled and realized that helping this dragon in any way that he could would not be a bad idea.

* * *

><p>He remembers the day he died.

* * *

><p>Wtf is with the ending you say? Well, sweetie I have been writing for 7 hours and I said "Fug it I'll tell them about it later."
WORDS CANNOT EVEN DESCRIBE HOW EXCITED I AM TO WRITE THE NEXT CHAPTER.

>You guys know what's coming next probably(Maybe not cos I changed the description)
I've been told that my story resembles Twilight and OMFG YOU'RE RIGHT. I promise you guys I did not get my inspiration from Twilight. UGH. I had a phase when I was in grade 6 and that's it, I swear to god.

>If you haven't already noticed, I'm making Hiccup's life dramatized for a reason I promise. I don't just like to wump my characters to shite. Well, I do but that's another story.
Love you guys. I'm glad I have someone who puts up with my shite. All the love from me.

>-ch<p>

7. Chapter 7

Here it is guys! Sorry it was a day late but if you check my tumblr for updates, you'll know why.

>So, this didn't come out as great as I'd imagined but I'm still fairly happy with it. Hopefully people don't find it too confusing but it will be confusing for a bit. Everything gets straightened out in this chapter and if not, then it gets straightened out in the next. Don't worry!
Though, give me a shout if you think I've forgotten something.

>Enjoy!<p>

* * *

><p>Chapter Seven<p>

Hiccup sighed as the last remaining light in the sky fell with the sun. Yet another day had ended and it had brought the same empty

feeling that Hiccup was used to. He watched the sky gradually grow darker and he reached back to pet his one comfort in this world. He scratched Toothless behind his ears and Toothless let out a content hum before resting his head on his paws.

Hiccup was currently leaning back on his dragon, enjoying the chilly night air. He had been watching the sunset for an hour but that had ended with the falling of the sun. The night had been creeping up from the opposite direction and it now blanketed the entire sky.

Hiccup let out a yawn and rubbed his eyes. He and Toothless had spent almost all day flying and it was tiring. He looked back up at the sky with tired eyes, he missed the stars. He couldn't see the stars here and he wondered when exactly the last star has twinkled out.

When he had first came here you could still see the stars, not all of them but enough to be lost in their small lights. Now, you could see only one star if you were lucky and that had to be on the clearest of nights. He wondered why exactly you couldn't see the stars here. He guessed it was because of all the people. Hiccup had once made up a story to amuse himself and that was that for each human born, a star gave its light and youth to that human.

If one star equaled one human then Hiccup estimated that he had taken at least two stars. He was probably breaking some universal law that _shan't be broken_ or something.

Hiccup's eyes started to feel heavy and he lay down beside Toothless' warm belly. Toothless automatically curled his tail around Hiccup protectively. A second later Toothless unfurled his wing to shield Hiccup from the cold and the harsh thoughts that the world brought.

* * *

><p>Hiccup awoke to the sound of rain landing against the thin membrane of Toothless' wing. He stretched his arms and sat up as much as he could under the shelter of Toothless' wing. He rolled up his pant leg and took off his prosthetic leg before he started massaging just below his knee like he did every morning. He found that it released some of the pressure that had built up overnight.<p>

He absentmindedly started scratching Toothless' revealed side as he thought about what they could do today. They would probably most likely fly like they had done every other day. He sat there for a while gently rubbing his leg before he started to feel cramped in his little space underneath Toothless' wing.

He put on his prosthetic and poked Toothless in the side. He laughed when he heard a low rumble emanating from his dragon. "Come on, lazy. Let's go flying."

Toothless perked up after that, lifting his wing and standing up. Hiccup stood up and stretched, sighing when he heard little pops from various points in his body. The rain made itself known as it fell onto Hiccup. He didn't mind, he loved the rain. There was a time when he didn't but that Hiccup was long gone.

Hiccup looked behind him at Toothless and smiled when Toothless

looked back at him with alert eyes. He turned around and walked towards the edge of the large house until he was right on it. He closed his eyes and spread out his arms, just feeling. He was feeling the air as it whipped around him, he was feeling the cold tears of the sky as they fell on his face and then he was feeling the sensation of falling as he plummeted towards the ground.

He kept his body horizontal and opened his eyes when he collided gracefully with Toothless as he caught him. Hiccup quickly attached his prosthetic, clicked it in motion and suddenly he was gliding. Hiccup opened his eyes to the world around him and saw the large houses, the taxis, the streets and the many, many people. He was familiar with this though.

He was familiar with the way people could never see him and he was familiar with the way this new world worked. Hiccup cheerfully referred to the world he was in as "new world" because this was an entirely new world. A new world with objects that moved but had not heart, houses that went up as high as the sky and even objects that could fly in the air.

Hiccup and Toothless had adjusted pretty quickly for people who had had an entirely new world thrust upon them, or more like they were thrust in it. They had literally been thrust into this new world.

Hiccup steered Toothless up towards the sky so they were climbing, surpassing all the large houses. They went up into the clouds and in seconds Hiccup was soaked, his clothes clinging to his skin. Hiccup smiled mischievously and abruptly flung himself off of Toothless' back, "See ya, Toothless!" He shouted as he started to fall.

He laughed as he heard Toothless give a frustrated roar. Hiccup made sure to keep himself horizontal as he fell. He kept his eyes closed and fought the impulse to open them, he trusted Toothless completely. He spread his limbs out and smiled as he felt the air soar past him. He suddenly landed on Toothless and Toothless gave him a whack on his ear for his troubles.

"Somebody's feeling a bit cranky today," Hiccup mumbled but it was lost as they nosedived towards the ground beneath them. Hiccup felt a small flutter in his stomach as he eyed the fast approaching ground but he loved that feeling, he lived for it.

They were only about fifteen feet off of the ground before Toothless pulled up and a wild cry tore itself from Hiccup's mouth. After their incredible stunt Toothless leveled out and started to glide, swerving around the large houses at a slow pace.

Hiccup closed his eyes and sighed as he felt drops of rain land on his face. He loved flying in the rain. He couldn't explain why he did but he loved it. Maybe it had something to do with the way the wind was wild and free just like the riders who rode on it. Hiccup didn't know.

"Come on bud, let's go lower," he called to Toothless, he wasn't sure if Toothless could hear him but he understood none the less as he started to go into a shallow dive.

They flew low for a while, enjoying the sea of people with their

colourful shields pointed towards the sky. These shields only appeared when it rained out so their purpose must be to protect the humans from the rain. "Fly lower," Hiccup instructed Toothless.

Toothless flew even lower and Hiccup had an impulse to reach down and run his hand over the top of the colourful shields. He didn't dare though because he knew that the humans would feel it. For whatever reason, Hiccup couldn't touch a human but he could touch any object. If he tried to touch a human, his hand would run right through them as if he were some sort of spirit.

Hiccup missed the touch of another; he missed the soft feeling of another person rubbing up against him. Sure, he'd never had much human contact back on Berk but it's not like he'd never been touched. Now, the only one he had was Toothless but Toothless is scaly and very much not a human. Hiccup is no human either, though. He had tried to guess what exactly he was and for a while, he thought he was a wanderer. A wanderer in Viking legend was someone who had died but hadn't fulfilled their goals in life so they were cursed to wander the earth forever.

He realised that that didn't make any sense because he was with Toothless and the legends never spoke of dragons becoming wanderers. Hiccup wasn't sure but there wasn't anything he could do. All he could do was hope that something or someone would come to explain all these weird happenings. Until then, he would continue to spend every day with his dragon.

Hiccup pulled Toothless up and they started guiding through the large houses once again. He guided Toothless to the great expanse of green that seemed to be in the middle of the city. His favorite part of flying is when he flew over this part of the city. It was a huge forest in the middle of large houses. It made Hiccup feel like he was flying over the forest by Berk. That was another thing he missed.

Some part of him couldn't help feeling sad for this forest. It stuck out horribly against the large buildings, like it didn't belong there. That was something Hiccup understood very well, he didn't belong here either. He had been planted in this world without warning, very much like this poor forest.

He instructed Toothless to land in a clearing in the forest and once he had, Hiccup jumped off of his dragon. He landed on the wet grass and he smiled. He loved flying over top of this forest but he loved spending time in it almost just as much. He flopped down on his back with a loud sigh, not caring about his clothes seeing as they were already drenched.

Hiccup looked up at the grey sky and he could almost pretend that he was back at Berk, spending a day in the forest with Toothless. It had always been him and Toothless, even when they had to keep their friendship a secret. When he had been banished for befriending a dragon, Toothless had been there. Even when he—"Hiccup shook his head and closed his eyes against the rain drops that were falling.

The rain had slowed considerably but it was still falling steadily. He heard Toothless thump down beside him and seconds later his wing

spread over Hiccup to shield him from the rain. Hiccup huffed, stupid overprotective dragon.

He soon fell asleep cuddled close to Toothless safe in the knowledge that nobody would be able to see him and his dragon.

* * *

><p>Hiccup awoke with a start as he heard someone shout. He opened his eyes to see Toothless already up and alert. He got up and stretched, waking up after a leisurely nap was probably the best feeling ever. He saw that the shout that had roused him from his nap was just a little girl playing in a puddle. Hiccup smiled warmly as the little girl - dressed in a bright yellow rain jacket and yellow rain boots- gave another loud shout as she hoped in the middle a puddle, squealing when the water splashed.<p>

Hiccup stretched his arm and stopped abruptly when he heard a loud rip coming from his shirt. He lifted his arm to check the stitching that ran along his side. He found it torn and he sighed in annoyance. He had had this shirt for at least two years now so it was to be expected. He looked over to see Toothless regarding him curiously and he patted his head before hopping on his dragon and taking off into the sky.

After flying low for a while Hiccup eventually spotted a store that would fit his needs and he landed Toothless. This wasn't the first time they had snuck into one of these stores. The first time was to get a new set of clothes for him and the second time was to get a new prosthetic leg for him when his first one had eventually given out.

Hiccup hadn't known what he was looking for at the time and had grabbed the first thing that he had walked into and had booked it out of there. Unfortunately that had happened to be a lace nighty for women and he had been too scared to do anything about it so he had ended up wearing that for two months before he got something else.

When he had gotten his new leg he had thought he would know a little bit about this stuff seeing as he had pretty much made his own leg from scratch. It turns out that he had no chance at understanding as he browsed the prosthetic limb closet. He had looked at the doctor's posters and discovered that there were tons of different types of prosthetic limbs that he could choose from. Some were meant for children, some were meant for athletes, some for men, some for women and even some for pets. In the end, Hiccup had found one that resembled his broken one and had gone with it.

It worked pretty well considering the base was a little too big for Hiccup's leg. He soon grew accustomed to it even if it still caused him great pain every now and then. There was nothing he could do considering he was some nonexistent being. Not to mention he had never heard of this strange substance called "plastic".

Hiccup saw a women coming towards the door and he took his chance, slipping into the store quickly and without disturbance. He turned to face Toothless through the window and he made a stay motion with his hand. Toothless dipped his head and looked at Hiccup with impossibly round eyes. Hiccup scowled and beckoned him in; he couldn't withstand

the onslaught of Toothless' eyes. Toothless gave an excited leap and walked through the door when the next person opened it.

The store they had chosen was filled with the brightest light Hiccup had ever seen. If he looked at the lights that hung from the ceiling he started to see black dots dancing in his vision. Kind of like when he looked at the sun. He vaguely wondered how exactly those lights worked. The store was divided between men's clothes and women's clothes and Hiccup walked towards the men's clothing section.

Hiccup shuddered as he felt a person walk through him. It was a strange sensation. It was like someone had just blown extremely cold air through him and the feeling lingered for a bit. Hiccup reached the boys clothing and he started going through the different clothes.

He pulled out a long sleeved, v-neck green shirt and looked at it closely. It was similar to a shirt he used to wear when he was back on Berk but newer, as was everything in this new world. Hiccup shrugged and figured it would do the trick. He pulled off his current red shirt and threw it underneath a rack of clothing, pulling on his new shirt. He turned to look in a mirror and scrutinized his reflection.

The shirt hugged his thin torso and he moved around a bit, making sure the shirt wouldn't hinder his movement. He looked down at his black pants and realized that they too were looking a bit worn so he went off in search of some new pants, Toothless following obediently.

He soon found some black pants that were comfortable and went back to the mirror to look at his reflection. He blinked at himself in the mirror then started laughing at himself. Why should he care what he looks like if nobody can see him anyways? He could fly around without any clothes if he wanted to. He shuddered when he thought about actually flying around naked. That would not be a pleasant experience.

He blew his fringe out of his face. It was strange, his hair hadn't grown out and he wondered if his hair would ever grow. It had stayed the same way he had had it back on Berk. It's not like he was complaining, he hoped he would never have to ever cut his hair. It would come out looking awful.

He threw one more glance at his reflection before he walked out of the store with Toothless. Once outside, he looked up at the sky and was happy to know that it wasn't raining. He didn't want to get his new clothes wet or he'd have to wait for them to dry. He got on Toothless and took off into the sky once more.

* * *

><p>Hiccup landed Toothless gently on their large house. Technically it wasn't really their large house but nobody could throw them off of it if they didn't know they were here. It was the largest house in the entire city and Hiccup liked the view. Back on berk he had enjoyed sitting on the tallest mountain peak because of the view.<p>

The sun was well on its way to being hidden by the horizon and Hiccup

hopped off of his dragon. He always watched the sunsets; it was his way of saying goodbye to the day even if it made Hiccup feel odd emotions.

He found a dry spot and sat down. Soon, Toothless curled up behind him and Hiccup leaned back against him. Another day had come to a close and he'd done the exact same thing he did every day, waste it. He had flown around a city with his dragon.

It's not like anybody had told Hiccup anything. One minute he was flying into an inferno and the next he was falling out of the sky with his dragon beside him. Hiccup felt the anger swell inside of him and he clenched his hands into fists. Just like always, it diminished into sadness and he was left feeling empty.

He wished this immortality thing came with a handbook. "_Immortality: How to tell you're doing it wrong_"

It was unfair to say that he was lonely, he knew that. He had Toothless but Toothless wasn't human. He couldn't interact the way another person could. Hiccup rested his head back against Toothless and closed his eyes, he was thankful for Toothless. He was happy with Toothless. He just hated how he wasn't content with Toothless.

His head snapped up when he heard a loud whistling sound soaring through the air. His eyes were met with what looked like dark blue sparks that were flying over the city. At first Hiccup thought they were just another one of the human's air art that occasionally got shot up in the sky but he quickly realised that this wasn't the case. This thing was flying horizontal and it had a destination. Hiccup followed the strange sparks with his eyes until they disappeared in the forest.

Hiccup's heart was hammering in his chest, it couldn't be him. He had searched for years for him. He wouldn't just show up out of nowhere. Hiccup quickly thought back to Berk, back to a certain fortress' lifetime and he didn't think there was any blue sparks, was there?

He couldn't just miss a chance like this though, could he? He felt Toothless nudge his shoulder and Hiccup looked back at his companion. Toothless was on his feet and standing in the direction of the forest. Hiccup bit his lips, it's not like he had anything to lose right?

He climbed onto Toothless and without needing to be commanded, Toothless shot into the air. They flew towards the forest and Hiccup could barely hear the wind fly past his ears over the thumping of his heart. What would he do if it was him?

Toothless landed gently on the grass covered ground and Hiccup took a deep breath before jumping off. He stepped slowly towards the general area that he had seen the sparks land. He only had to walk for a bit until he came to a clearing that was lit slightly by the setting sun. In it there was a man that wore baggy grey pants, a baggy black sweater and a white toque on his head.

Hiccup ducked behind a tree and then peeked around it to see the person studying his nails almost as if he was bored. "Hi there, Hiccup isn't it?" the stranger asked monotonously.

* * *

><p>So? Did it meet your expectations?
Since I couldn't go back and make Hiccup act younger I tried really hard to make him seem older here, did it work? Give me feedback, I love that stuff. (I'm addicted but shhh don't tell my mom)

>I actually loved writing Toothless, he's so adorable and just really great in every way.
Whoever can guess what city they're in gets a cookie and whoever can guess what building (large house) Toothless & Hiccup are on get a cake. Just kidding but you know, I think it's obvious but who knows?

>Don't worry we'll be seeing more of Jackey.
As always, I love every single one of my readers. You guys are perf, ok.

8. Chapter 8

It's earlier this week and longer. Who's the man? I'm the man. (I'm not actually a man)

>And YES, Hiccup and Toothless are in New York and their large house is the Empire State building. Also the large forest they visit frequently is Central Park. Good job to the people that got it!
I hope you like it. :3

* * *

><p>Chapter Eight<p>

Hiccup quickly went back behind the tree, his heart thumping loudly in his chest. How had that guy known his name? He stood there for a moment, eyes shut tightly. Could this person see him? How could this person see him? He opened his eyes slowly to see Toothless who was sitting down, looking at him with curiosity. He breathed deeply; when he followed the sparks he had promised himself that he would be brave. He had nothing to lose.

"Hello?" the man said in an annoyed voice.

Hiccup took a couple deep breaths and then before he could change his mind, he walked out from behind the tree. He heard Toothless follow him and stand behind him, he knew that if he was in any danger Toothless would not hesitate to defend him. The man looked up from his nails that he had been studying, paying no attention to the dragon behind Hiccup. Hiccup gasped when he was met with the bluest eyes he had ever seen. They were even bluer than â€œ"

"You," The man said with a tired voice, he pointed at Hiccup.

"Uh, y-yes?" Hiccup asked. He was still trying to figuring this out. Who was this guy? He was dressed in comfy clothes with blue eyes. Hiccup would have thought that he would remember someone like this guy if he'd ever met him before.

"Your name's Hiccup, right?" The stranger said, going back to studying his nails.

Hiccup felt anger flare in his chest when the man stopped looking at him, "Yes, that's my name," he answered and then because he wanted to know what was going on he asked, "Why?"

The man shrugged before plopping down to sit on the soft ground, "What's up?" The man asked looking back up at him with his too-blue eyes. Hiccup's mouth fell open slightly, taken aback by the stranger's abrupt change in position.

"Umâ€¦?" Hiccup asked. He wasn't sure exactly how he should be feeling in this situation. He was feeling awkward around this strange person but happy that someone could finally see him. Behind him he heard Toothless let out a rumble deep in his throat. He turned to pat Toothless on the head soothingly; he understood why Toothless was on edge. It had been just them for so long.

The stranger smiled slowly at Hiccup making something twist uneasily in his stomach. The man gestured for Hiccup to sit with him on the grass. Hiccup swallowed and then sat slowly on the grass that he had sat down on so many times. The grass was still slightly damp but he paid it no mind. He sat out of reach of the stranger, even if he was happy for company, it didn't mean he trusted the guy with the hat. He felt more than heard Toothless sit beside him, curling his tail around Hiccup in a show of possession. Hiccup smiled slightly and put his hand down on his best friend's tail in reassurance for them both.

They sat in silence for a while, the man just sitting there regarding Hiccup with lazy eyes. Behind them the sun was setting, making the forest grow steadily darker. Hiccup started playing with his earlobe in nervousness, what was this man doing? He could feel Toothless grow more and more uneasy as the sun set. They were always snuggled up on top of their large house by now.

"How's Jack?" The man asked suddenly, crossing his legs.

Hiccup felt like he'd just been punched in the stomach. He hadn't heard that name in so many years. He had grown accustomed to the absence of that name. He didn't even let himself think of that name or who it belonged to. He was over it. It didn't matter. He was mature and grownup and he didn't let those things bother himâ€¦as long as they were never mentioned.

Distantly he heard Toothless let out a whine and it brought him back to reality. He took a couple calming breaths and looked up to face the man who was now smirking.

"I haven't seen him in a while," he said evenly.

The stranger gave him a knowing nod and went back to looking at his apparently very interesting nails. Hiccup decided that it was his turn to ask questions about this guy, "What's your name?"

The man looked back at Hiccup with pursed lips; he looked like he was thinking seriously about his name, "Mike," he answered finally.

Hiccup nodded. Suddenly the small clearing they were in was illuminated by a bright light and Hiccup looked around in confusion before he saw one of the forest lights by them. He hadn't noticed that they were by one of the hard paths that ran through the entire forest. He looked up to see that the sun was almost completely set and he realized that the lights must be automatic.

He felt better about not having to sit in the dark with Mike. Toothless was still uneasy and he felt bad about that but he couldn't leave this guy. He wanted to know what Mike was here for. Had he purposely come here for Hiccup?

"Why are you here, Mike?" Hiccup asked, he desperately needed some answers.

Mike just shrugged again. Hiccup grit his teeth, for a hundred years he has been living here alone and all of a sudden this guy shows up and he won't even tell him why he's here. Hiccup huffed indignantly.

Abruptly Mike stood up before adjusting his hat on his head and then clapping his hands together. A couple things happened in a second, a flash of red came out of the tree and Toothless jumped in front of Hiccup with bared teeth. Hiccup sat there blinking, his vision obscured by his dragon. He stood up and winced when pain shot up his side from his leg.

He looked around Toothless and saw Mike standing with another person. The girl was very beautiful with long red hair, tight white pants and a long sleeved black shirt on. Hiccup's eyes were drawn to the large silver sword that was strapped to her pants. She was looking at Toothless intently with bright red eyes that made Hiccup shudder. He looked at Mike who was standing observing the situation with bored eyes, almost as if he would rather be sleeping. The two people weren't making any threatening moves towards Hiccup or Toothless though and he took that as a good thing.

Tentatively Hiccup patted Toothless on the side, "It's ok, bud," he said quietly. Toothless looked back at him with round eyes and he knew that Toothless was scared. He was feeling out of his comfort zone and Hiccup felt bad. He walked forward and scratched Toothless behind his ear, "It's alright," he said, staring into his dragons green eyes. Toothless looked from Hiccup to Mike and the girl to back at Hiccup. He moved back slightly even though he didn't look like he was happy about it. "_Thank you, Toothless,_" Hiccup thought.

He looked back towards the two people that were in the clearing and was met with the girls piercing gaze. He swallowed and looked away from the bright red eyes to Mike. Mike yawned and crossed his arms, "We're not here to hurt you," he said with that monotone voice of his.

"If you're not here to hurt me then what are you here for?" Hiccup asked, placing one hand on Toothless for comfort. "And who's that?" Hiccup asked, gesturing to the girl beside Mike.

Mike pursed his lips again, "This here is Jessica and we're here to ask you to join us."

Hiccup's eyes widened, they wanted him to join them? Join what? The club for immortal people? Hiccup blinked a couple times before blurting out, "What?"

Mike rolled his eyes, "It's a group, kid. Like a group for people like you and me. People that live for a while longer than others," he answered. He took off his hat to reveal brown hair and then quickly

put his hack back on, adjusting it until it sat right.

Hiccup had been right; apparently there was some club for immortal people. He had the strange impulse to laugh at that but he didn't dare in front of these two. If he went with these people he would be giving up his home that he had made for himself here. He would be leaving his routine behind. He looked behind him at Toothless who had his ears pressed flat to his head. Hiccup sighed.

Jessica then leaned over and whispered something to Mike and Mike let out a loud sigh, "Listen kid, if you come with us we'll tell you why you were made a part of the immortal bunch," Mike petitioned.

That peaked Hiccup's interest. He had always wondered why he had been made immortal. He tried not to think about it but ever since he had found out that he was not aging, it had always been there at the back of his mind.

* * *

><p>Hiccup had been alive again for exactly twenty years. In that time all he had figured out was that he was definitely not on Berk and he had definitely skipped a couple thousand years. When he was last around they didn't have these houses that were as big as the green death, moving things that weren't alive or this many people.

The day he had fallen from the sky had been one of the scariest days that Hiccup had ever been through. The only comfort that he had was Toothless and even then he had broken down. He had sat on the ground and had cried himself to sleep because of the sheer craziness of his situation. When he awoke he was under Toothless' wing and he had wanted to never leave.

_He had eventually, though. He had gotten up and checked Toothless for injuries. He also realized that he had been dropped from the sky with all of their supplies that they had been carrying when
â€" _

_They had Toothless' saddle, Hiccup's prosthetic and clothes and tools. That was the best news that Hiccup had had on that day. After they did their inventory check he had gotten on Toothless to fly to the large settlement that was in front of them. _

_Hiccup hadn't seen any dragon so he had made sure that Toothless stayed hidden in the passageways between the large houses that were there. He had walked up to a lady wearing what Hiccup had guessed to be a dress and tried to talk to her, to ask her where it was that they were. The lady had only walked straight through him as if he wasn't there. _

That's when he had realized that he was in fact not there. He had run to other people, to a man talking was a woman, and also to a little boy holding a balloon but it had been no use. Nobody could see him. He and Toothless had flown to a large forest that they had found and they had sat down there. Hiccup remembers that at that moment, it was the saddest he had ever been. He remembers feeling so dejected that he had curled up with Toothless for the rest of the day, taking comfort in the only thing that could see him.

Now that ten years had passed, he'd gotten used to the strange things of this new world. He'd gotten used to the people that couldn't see him and he had gotten used to the large houses. He was walking down on the ground with Toothless, a rare occasion considering they usually preferred to be up in the sky flying. He was walking on the paths but had stopped abruptly when he had passed a shop window.

The window was clearer than most and Hiccup got a perfect view of himself. He looked at his state and frowned. In all of the twenty years he had been here he had never gotten a clear view of himself. He had spent most of his time with Toothless in the sky or sitting in the large forest. He rarely ever came down to the paths. He was mostly the same as he had been back on Berk. In fact, he hadn't changed at all.

_It was at that moment that something occurred to Hiccup, if he had been here for twenty years then shouldn't that mean that he should be a grown up Viking by now? Unless of course he wasn't aging. That was impossible though! Well, so was coming back from the supposed dead and skipping a couple thousand years. _

So, did this mean that he was now immortal? Toothless nuzzled Hiccup with his nose and Hiccup smiled. If it were true that he was now somehow immortal then there was no one on this earth that he would rather spend immortality with other than Toothless.

He would just have to hope that someone would come along that could tell him what it is that was going on.

* * *

><p>Hiccup furrowed his brows, "Yes," he said, "I'll come with you."<p>

Mike smiled a lazy smile, "Great decision."

Hiccup allowed a small smile, he had that strange feeling that this was permanent. That feeling you get when you finish a book, that feeling of finality. It was fine though, he was going to find out why he been made like this. These people were going to give him answers.

"You'll follow us out of here on your dragon and we'll take you to our meeting place," Mike explained. Hiccup nodded and got on Toothless silently. This was it. He was finally going to find out what is going on, after all these years of aimlessly guessing.

Hiccup watched in awe as Jessica and Mike took off into the air, their bodies transforming into bundles of sparks. Mike's blue and Jessica's red. Hiccup was too busy watching the incredible sight that he forgot about telling Toothless to take off. Hastily he motioned up towards the sky and Toothless bound into the air.

Hiccup felt the nervousness coursing through him but he tried to ignore it. This was a good idea. He tried not to think about the home he had created for him and Toothless here. They would be back here. They would be able to spend another day in the large forest, he promised himself. As they followed the red and blue sparks up ahead,

Hiccup rubbed Toothless' head in comfort. They would be ok. Hiccup shuddered as he felt a cold breeze suddenly fly by him. He rubbed his arms a bit and wondered why it was getting so cold. It was usually pretty warm at night here.

Hiccup couldn't stop himself from looking behind him as they exited the city. It was fully dark now that the sun had set but the city looked like its own sun. Every large building was lit up like a Snoggletog tree and it was brilliant. Hiccup and Toothless didn't go out flying at night because it was too difficult to navigate around the large houses. Now he wishes that they had because the city looked beautiful with all the light.

They flew farther and farther away from the city until Hiccup could barely see a little flicker of light in the distance, almost like a star. He wondered if that was the reason why there were no stars, maybe the city had stolen them to make its own light.

He looked up at sky and smiled when he saw the moon looking down at him. The moon was smiling down at Hiccup almost like he was saying, "Good job, Hiccup." He was taking a chance and the moon seemed to be congratulating him. Over the course of his life he and the moon had become good friends. When he was younger he used to think the moon was lonely but now he knew the moon was a protector. The moon watched over all the little stars in the sky that needed him. Of course the moon could still get lonely but he did his job faithfully.

Soon, they reached the edges of a forest and Hiccup felt relieved. He was used to endless amounts of forests having grown up on Berk or partially grown up on Berk. Toothless let out a happy rumble and Hiccup smiled, Toothless remembered too. Up ahead he saw Mike and Jessica start to make their decent into the forest. Hiccup frowned slightly but followed them.

When Toothless landed where they had, they were in a clearing in the forest. He could still see a little bit because of the light from the full moon, it was an extremely clear night. Hesitantly, he got off of Toothless to face Mike and Jessica. Mike gestured for him to come to where they were and Hiccup obeyed. He walked to face them and Mike snapped his fingers. Suddenly Jessica wasn't in front of him anymore and felt pain explode on the back of his head.

He crumpled to the ground and the last thing he heard was an outraged roar from Toothless.

* * *

><p>He came too with a groan. The first thing he noticed was that he was lying down, uncomfortable grass pushed to the side of his face. The second was that his hands were tied behind his back. He took a couple deep breaths and then with some difficulty he sat up.<p>

He looked up and his eyes immediately searched for Toothless. He found his dragon looking at him with angry eyes and a person holding a long sword up to Toothless' throat. The man had black tights on and a white t-shirt with curly brown hair. Hiccup would admit that he was very attractive but at the moment he was threatening his dragon. He tested out how tightly his hands were bound and to his dismay he found them tied expertly tight.

Hiccup nodded at Toothless, a sign that Toothless was allowed to attack but Toothless' ears flattened to his head and he let out a loud whine. Hiccup's eyebrows furrowed in confusion.

"Oh your dragon won't be attacking us anytime soon, I think." Hiccup looked up to see Mike leaning up against a tree smiling down at Hiccup, "Not when we have his precious master," he explained.

Hiccup turned to see Jessica pointing her large sword at his neck and he swallowed heavily. He shouldn't have come here. He should have listened to his gut that had been practically screaming at him to not trust these people. He had felt so uneasy around them and it was because he knew not to trust them the entire time.

"What do you want with me?" Hiccup asked, hating how his voice shook.

Mike pushed away from the tree and casually strolled over to Hiccup, "You're useful to us, extremely useful to us. In fact, if we had one of your kind on our side then we would be sure to win," Mike answered.

"I-I have no idea what you're talking about! I'm just an immortal person, actually I don't even know if that's what I am. I promise Toothless and I would be of no use to you. Just let us go and we'll go back to the city and we won't tell anybody. It's not likeâ€"

Mike held up a hand and Hiccup shut his mouth. He tended to ramble when he was in danger; it was some sort of defence mechanism. "You have no idea how useful you are and that's sad," Mike sighed.

Hiccup shook his head, this guy was crazy. The only thing useful about him was that he had Toothless by his side and if they thought they could control Toothless through him then they were truly out of their minds.

"The only troublesome part is your issues with fire," Mike muttered, tilting his head and looking at Hiccup oddly.

Hiccup's eyes widened, how could this guy possibly know about that? He'd only met this guy today. How did he know so much about Hiccup? He'd know about J â€" and now this? Hiccup breathing started to speed up in accommodation to his thundering heart.

Toothless and him had discovered his fear one day when they had been flying. They had only been in the new world for a couple months and they were enjoying the sunny day. Toothless, because he was happy, had let out a large fireball. Hiccup had seen the fire and his mind had filled with memories. Memories of the fire that had ended his life.

Hiccup had been so scared he had fallen off of Toothless to get away from them. It had been a close call because he had almost hit a large house while he was falling. Luckily, Toothless had caught him but it had still been too close for comfort. After that Hiccup had apologized to Toothless but had told him that there could be no more fire. Toothless had understood how terrified his rider had been and that was the last time Hiccup had seen any fire.

Mike raised his eyebrows, "I know how to cure you," he said abruptly.

He looked behind Hiccup at Jessica, "Exposure," he said simply, nodding.

Impossibly, Hiccup's heart sped up. He looked frantically between Mike and Jessica who was no standing in front of him. Mike backed up so he rested against the tree once more and Jessica hovered up slightly, her sword gripped tightly in her hand. Suddenly before Hiccup could even blink her sword burst into flames. Hiccup gasped and tried to scramble back but before he could she started flying in circles around Hiccup.

Soon she was going so fast it was like he was surrounded by a circular wall of flame. Hiccup tried to close his eyes against the flames but he couldn't bring himself to. He wasn't there anymore; he was flying to save his people from the green death. He was panicking as he saw Toothless' tail of fire. He was falling off of Toothless. He was falling towards the explosion of the green death. He was feeling the heat lick around his entire body. He was feeling every cell in his body combust. He was feeling the great and terrible pain.

An anguished cry tore itself from Hiccup and he wrenched at his hands desperately. He faintly heard Toothless roar in frustration but it didn't register in his mind. Someone was screaming, was that him? Every cell was on fire again, he was burning alive again. Hiccup suddenly couldn't breathe, he couldn't get any oxygen into his lungs. He fell to the ground "had he been standing?" and stared at the wall of flame with wide eyes. Everything was on fire, the ground was on fire, he was on fire and the sky was on fire. Was the moon on fire? Would the moon allow the stars to catch fire?

Abruptly the flames stopped but it took a couple seconds for that to register in Hiccup's shivering mind. Hiccup was brought back to reality with a whine from his dragon. His dragon. He was alive. He was not burning alive. He was fine. Toothless was fine. The world was shaking in front of him and it took him a couple moments to realize that it was him that was shaking.

"Hm, how pitiful," he heard Mike say, "We'll just have to try it more. He'll eventually get used to it."

Hiccup felt something inside of him clench at those words but he was too drained to do anything. He felt tired, he felt like he needed to go to sleep. His head was throbbing, his body shaking and tears were steadily leaking out of his eyes.

He couldn't let himself pass out, though. Then he would really be out of control of the situation. He could feel himself start to pass into the world of the unconscious but all of a sudden he was launched into the air causing his eyes to fly open.

He was being held around the waist but he couldn't see the face of the criminal who was holding him in the air. The only one with permission to do that was Toothless thank you very much. Hiccup's stomach did a summer sault at their height and he felt as if he was going to vomit. Usually heights didn't bother him very much but considering he didn't know exactly how he was up here, it was unnerving. The swaying was making his head throb more and the edges of his vision started to go fuzzy.

"Shoot, dragon!"

That voice—he had heard that voice before. He had hoped to hear that voice again but he had also dreaded it. Whose voice was that? Hiccup's tired and injured head couldn't make the connection. Before he passed out he vaguely heard the high pitched shoot of a Night Fury.

* * *

><p>DONE. YOU GUYS THIS IS 1,000 MORE WORDS THAN I USUALLY WRITE. ACHIEVEMENT UNLOCKED B*****S.
If you're reading this I love you bc it means you're reading my story and I worship you.
>I'm excited for the next chapter but I'm not sure when it'll be up bc my exams are rapidly approaching.
lol "Studying"? Wtf kind of foreign word is that.
>Holy Jesus guys, I'm afraid of fire (bc reasons) and this chapter scared the poop out of me. Ya feel.
p.s. Snoggletog is Viking Christmas but you'd have to watch Gift of the Night Fury to know that.

9. Chapter 9

It's late again and I suck, I'm sorry. I had exam week and it threw off my entire schedule.

>So, here it is! Enjoy.<p>

* * *

><p>Chapter Nine<p>

Hiccup awoke with a pounding head. He clenched his eyes shut; it'd been so long since he'd had a headache. He started breathing in through his nose and out through his mouth just like Gothi had instructed him (through Gober over course). He heard Toothless shift beside him and he subconsciously moved closer to his dragon's warmth. It was probably too early to get up. He didn't really need to if he didn't want to.

He stretched his body out and winced when his leg gave a twinge. He'd have to spend extra time on his massage. He brought his hands down to rest at his sides and his eyes flew open when his hands were met with soft dirt. His eyes were met with the soft membrane of Toothless' wings but that wasn't what he saw. His mind was filled with images of what happened yesterday and he started shaking violently. He closed his eyes tightly against the memories and tried to steady his breathing. He heard Toothless give a low whine and Hiccup knew that his dragon was feeling his pain.

He took a couple deep breaths and patted Toothless on his side, trying to give him some comfort, trying to tell his dragon that he was fine. After a couple minutes he managed to get his heart under control, those things were all in the past. He wasn't on fire now and neither was Toothless. They were fine.

Hiccup pursed his lips and thought back to how he had gotten here. He remembers almost passing out after the fire but he also remembers something preventing him from doing so. The longer he laid there and thought about it the more things started to come back to him. He was

hoisted into the air by someone and that someone had ordered Toothless to shoot.

Hiccup closed his eyes once more, whose voice had that been? The voice played at the edge of Hiccup's memory and his brow furrowed. His pounding head made it even more difficult to remember but he knew. That voice was important and something he had longed for for so long. It was a voice that had been in his dreams for years, whispering things to him that he always forgot when he woke up. It's quiet murmurs would be filled with persuasion, filled with the tone reserved for promises.

Hiccup's eyes snapped open for the second time that day. No, no, no, no. This could not be happening. How could it even be possible? Years of searching and suddenly he shows up out of nowhere? Hiccup shook his head; he'd most likely just made it all up in his mind. It was probably just some illusion his muddled brain had conjured up. Toothless had picked him up by his claws and had flown into the sky. That's how it had happened.

His rational side of his brain told him that even though Toothless was fast, there was no way he could have grabbed Hiccup and launched into the air that quickly. There had to be a third party member that had grabbed him. Hiccup let loose a breath he hadn't been aware he'd been holding.

He was here. Oh gods he was here. Hiccup was going to have to face him. Hiccup grimaced at that thought. He seriously contemplated staying under Toothless' wing for the entire day or maybe even the rest of his immortal life. Yeah, that would work too. He felt Toothless shift beside him and he knew he was awake. Toothless never was a late sleeper. He also knew that Toothless would feign sleep until his rider was comfortable. Hiccup smiled and patted Toothless' belly, truly glad for his company.

He peeked out from under Toothless' wing to see no other immortal beings present. From what he could see they were in another small clearing in the forest. This one was a little smaller than the one Hiccup had previously been in and it was brightly illuminated by the sun. The ground was mostly covered in dirt but there were a couple odd patches of grass.

He ducked back under Toothless' wing and sighed when he was huddled up against the warmth of his dragon once again. He sat up slightly and unclasped his prosthetic before starting to massage his leg. He barely concealed a groan of pain, his leg was hurting more than usual. Hiccup was sure that his old prosthetic hadn't caused his leg so much pain. It was probably because this new prosthetic was slightly bigger than his other one, causing his leg to slip and slide. It was uncomfortable.

He started to feel better after he settled into his routine for the morning. It only helped a little in taking his mind off of his current situation. When he had looked out from under Toothless' wing he had not seen him but that doesn't mean that he wasn't coming back. What would Hiccup do if he came face to face with him? What would he say? Would he even remember the little green eyed boy that he left behind all those years ago?

He winced as he rubbed a particularly sore spot on his leg. He

couldn't believe he'd gotten into this situation in the first place. It had been all thanks to Hiccup's foolishness. He had a bad feeling about Mike but he'd trusted him anyways. It turns out that all he had wanted to do was use Hiccup. How could Hiccup possibly be of any use to Mike? Who were Mike and Jessica? Where had they come from? There were still so many questions that he needed answered.

Where would he go after this? Would he go back to the city? He and Toothless had spent years there, it was their home, although, they could use a change in scenery. Maybe they could go somewhere where they could see the stars every night. Hiccup missed the stars and it would be nice to be able to see them. He sighed, to do anything he had to stop hiding underneath Toothless' wing.

Hiccup put his prosthetic back on his leg and took a deep breath before poking Toothless in the side gently. Toothless shifted slightly and then lifted his wing, folding it close to his body. Hiccup squinted against the glare from the sun. Once his eyes had adjusted he quickly stood up and stretched once again, a groan escaping his lips. His body hurt something fierce but at least his head had stopped throbbing. He looked around the clearing once more and was relieved to find it still absent of any white haired gods.

He looked back at his dragon with a smile. They had started this adventure so they would complete it. Just with less crazy people that don't make habits of setting swords on fire. He started scratching Toothless behind his ear and Toothless nuzzled Hiccup's hand with a content hum. Hiccup started to laugh but stopped when he noticed Toothless' wing. He was holding it at an odd angle, like it hurt to hold it to close to his body.

Hiccup frowned and went to inspect the odd wing. His brow furrowed when he saw a thin cut right on his dragon's wing. It sat on the part of Toothless' wing that folded up against his body. The cut wasn't too deep but it looked painful. It must have happened when Toothless flew up to follow Hiccup. He remembers a pretty boy holding a knife up to his dragon when he was in the clearing with Mike and Jessica.

Hiccup felt anger coil in his stomach. How dare that man hurt his dragon. Hiccup wanted to go back to the clearing so that he could land a punch on that man's pretty face. Hiccup blinked, that was unlike him. He was very rarely violent, usually preferring to talk out problems. Even when the green death had threatened the village, he hadn't wanted to hurt it. He had had no choice at the time but it had resulted in more than one death. That proved his point that violence wasn't always the answer.

Hiccup was thankful that the cut hadn't bled very much. He would have to get that cleaned up to prevent any infection. They would have to fly â€" Hiccup swallowed heavily, that wouldn't be possible, not with Toothless' injury. Hiccup sighed, they were going to be grounded until that cut healed. Living in a forest wouldn't be that bad. He'd done it before he'd become immortal. He could do it again.

"We'll get that fixed up, bud," Hiccup assured Toothless, patting his head, "Come on, let's go find some water." He looked around the clearing before heading in a random direction. There had to be water somewhere.

He took a couple steps outside the clearing before he was suddenly face to face with a white haired boy with blue eyes. Hiccup let out a (very manly) shriek and took a couple steps back in shock. Except he stepped on a misplaced rock and slipped, falling on his behind. In seconds Toothless was in front of him and growling at the apparent threat.

Hiccup looked around Toothless and blinked to see a very much upside down Jack Frost hanging from a tree branch, staff in hand. Hiccup's mouth suddenly went dry and he wished he could be anywhere but here. His breathing started to speed up and something was roaring in his ear. Was that his heart? He scrambled for something to say but for once in his life, he was speechless.

Jack was looking at him with eyes that said so many things but Hiccup couldn't decipher them. Jack was hanging upside down from a branch causing his hair to stand at end. If Hiccup had not just met someone he had been dreading to meet for one hundred years he would have laughed. He realized, with a start, that he was still seated on the ground and he hastily got up, brushing any stray bits of dirt from his back side.

He continued to stay behind Toothless, his only anchor in this world but he did place a hand on Toothless' side to let him know not to attack. Jack unhooked his legs from the branch and fell down to the ground, landing on his feet and earning a warning growl from Toothless. Jack leaned up against his staff and smiled a hesitant grin, "Hey, Hiccup."

Hiccup was 90% sure that his heart stopped. It felt like someone had punched him in his gut. How long had he wanted to hear the boy in front of him say that? How long had he ached with want for those warm, blue eyes? How long had he desperately hoped that he would see that smile? He wanted to break down and cry, he wanted to hit Jack and demand for answers, he wanted to run into those arms like a little kid, he wanted to laugh in relief but he did none of that.

What came out instead was the last thing Hiccup wanted, "Sorry, but who are you?" Hiccup asked, faking indifference. Hiccup's eyes widened the moment the words left his lips. That wasn't his plan. What was he doing?

Hiccup's heart ached when he saw Jack's expression fall slightly. Jack recovered quickly, plastering a clearly fake smile on his face, "Don't remember, huh? It's Jack Frost," he said, gesturing to himself. Hiccup wanted to scream; of course he knows who he is. Jack Frost was his first friend he had ever made. Such a person is not easily forgotten. Jack had occupied his thoughts even more once he had become immortal, even though he tried not to think about him. He had spent years searching for him but had stopped after it occurred to Hiccup that Jack might not want to be found by someone he left.

Through his slight panic he managed to really look at Jack. He hadn't really changed; his white hair and blue eyes were the same as Hiccup remembered them. His attire had changed, however. He now wore skin tight brown pants and a dark blue hoodie. He was still bare footed and that staff he carried looked to be the same one he had carried

before.

Hiccup raised his eyebrows, "Right! Jack!" He smiled and pointed at the white haired god, "I was friends with you when I was young." He needed to get out of here but at the same time he wanted to stay. One side of him wanted to get on Toothless and fly away. The other wanted to sit with Jack and talk and become friends like they used to be when they were kids. His heart felt like it was going to beat out of his chest or maybe combust.

Jack smiled a small smile, "Right."

Toothless whined in distress and Hiccup came up to scratch behind his ears in comfort. He needed to get Toothless' wound cleaned up. That was a higher priority than reminiscing with Jack. "If you'll excuse us, we need to be going," Hiccup said, tapping Toothless on the shoulder and then walking past Jack.

"Wait!" Jack shouted and Hiccup turned to face him, "Where are you going?"

Hiccup briefly debated not telling him but guessed that it wouldn't hurt, "Toothless is injured and I'm going to go find some water," he explained.

"You can't go!" Jack said with a panicked voice.

Hiccup raised an eyebrow, "And why not?"

"Because they might still be looking for you," Jack said.

That peaked Hiccup's interest. He still didn't know anything about Mike and Jessica. Maybe Jack could provide him with information about them and why they said Hiccup was useful to them. He didn't know if he could forgive Jack for leaving him all alone for all those years but if Jack came with them then maybe he could get answers. Answers he's desperately wanted.

Hiccup sighed, "Do you want to come with us?" he asked.

Jack bit his lip and looked like he was thinking it over, "Ok." Jack nodded, looking determined. "Do you need help finding some water?" He asked, looking at Hiccup expectantly.

Hiccup nodded, "That would be helpful. I'm going to go look for some healing herbs, will you be able to find us again?" he asked.

Jack smiled, this smile looking genuine, "Sure," he said, before taking off into the air.

Hiccup felt himself deflate after Jack left. It was going to have to do a lot of pretending around Jack. He was going to have to act like he didn't want to break down and cry if he wanted to make it work with Jack. He leaned down and ran his hands over his face, taking deep breaths. He could do this, he was going to figure out what happened to Jack. He was going to figure out who Mike and Jessica were. He could do this but he was going to need strength.

His source of strength bent down so that he was level with Hiccup and nuzzled his rider's face gently. Hiccup smiled, words couldn't

explain how grateful he was for Toothless. He took another deep breath and stood up, he had a mission. The herbs he was going to find were leaves on a plant that had small purple flowers. He wasn't sure if they existed in this forest but they were all over the place on Berk.

Hiccup had found out about the leaves in a book Gothi had conveniently lent him. The book was about what to do when your animal was injured. It was a simple concoction; you squish the leaves with a rock and then add some water so that it's kind of pasty. Then you spread the mixture over the wound and once it hardens it works as a large gauze that doesn't fall off or need to be changed.

Hiccup ducked under a branch and continued looking down at the ground. So far he was having no luck with finding the herb. He felt something pull at his prosthetic and the ground abruptly came up to meet him. Toothless met him halfway and he smiled, "Thanks, bud," he said gratefully. One thing he definitely didn't miss about the forest was walking through it.

Everything else he could honestly say he missed. The woods were his home. He had walked their floors, had flown over top of them, and had explored them many times. He grew up in the forest. When he had the city life was forced upon him, it had been a big change. He would yearn for the smell of the trees, the songs of the birds and the patches of sunlight. It felt right to be back in the forest.

Hiccup almost walked past them, he was too caught up in his thoughts. The little spots of purple had caught his attention, though. He laughed in relief and rushed over to the small cluster of plants. Toothless walked up beside him and Hiccup grabbed a couple of handfuls of the plant to put in Toothless' saddle. He grabbed some extra for good measure, who knew what could happen?

Once he had made sure the plants wouldn't get prematurely squished, he looked up at the sky. Should he stay put until Jack came back or should he go looking for the god? Jack had said that he would come to find him. Look what happened last time you trusted Jack Frost, a small voice whispered in Hiccup's mind. Hiccup's brow furrowed, he had left him all alone. He had left and he had not returned.

Hiccup looked at Toothless' wound on his wing and frowned. He needed that water for Toothless, he needed to clean his injury. Could he honestly rely on Jack? What if he was lying about finding the water? After all, what reason would he have to help Hiccup?

Hiccup decided against staying put for Jack. He would find that water on his own. "Come on, Toothless," he said, gesturing for his dragon to follow him. He decided to keep walking in the direction they were going seeing as they had found the water this way. With a little more luck they would find some water.

They walked for a couple more minutes before Hiccup heard the faint sound of water trickling. He headed in the direction of the sound and soon came to yet another clearing in the forest. This one was a clearing on a hill. There was a little miniature waterfall that trickled down some rocks that came out of the hill into a little stream that ran in the opposite direction that Hiccup was walking. The sun shone down into the clearing making the small waterfall look like little jewels falling down the black rocks. It was strangely

beautiful.

Hiccup wasted no time in going up to the clear stream. He ducked down to take a drink from the stream and shivered when the ice water hit his teeth. It tasted good, though, nice and clean. He called Toothless over and started taking off the saddle, it would be uncomfortable for his dragon if the saddle got wet.

He took out some ripped cloth that had been in the saddle when they were dropped into their new lives. He dipped it in the water and laid it on the wound. Toothless whined and Hiccup shushed him, patting his side, "It's ok, bud, it'll be over in a bit."

Hiccup gave a bit of a start when he saw someone approaching from his peripheral vision but it was only Jack. He ignored him and went back to washing the wound; Toothless was the one who was important right now. "How'd you find this place?" Jack asked, sitting himself down on a rock and watching Hiccup. Hiccup shrugged in response, wetting the cloth again.

"I was just looking for you guys," Jack explained, "to take you back here."

Hiccup felt a twinge of guilt for not trusting Jack but why should he? Jack is going to do more than prove he can find water to gain Hiccup's trust back. All trusting people had done for him was get him in trouble. He'd gone with Mike and Mike had turned out to be nothing but a liar who wanted Hiccup for his own purposes. And Jackâ€

Jack had promised and Hiccup had trusted.

* * *

><p>So, what did you think? Go ahead and tell me. I appreciate them. Js.
Originally, this chapter was supposed to have way more information and stuff but I really wanted to focus on the "Hiccup Balance". How out of his comfort zone he was but how he was also in it. idk

>Next chapter will be better, I promise. (More entertaining and more dialogue)
I love your continued support. You guys are actually amazing and I love you all.

>Thanks for putting up with my bull shite.<p>

10. Chapter 10

I know, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? Yeah, ok I suck, I know. I decided I would take a break (this break was supposed to be 2 week break but that did not happen.)

>Anyways, I'm here now and I don't plan to do that again. I'm going to be back to writing every Friday night and then working on the chapter all weekend. I should have never trusted myself to take a break and I'm sorry, guys. I love you.
Enjoy the chapter!

>(hey follow my blog gaytrekk for updates on how things are going or if it's going to be late js)<p>

* * *

><p>Chapter Ten<p>

Hiccup sat back and surveyed his work. The paste that covered Toothless wound was a gross dark green colour but it didn't smell very bad which was good, seeing as he was always by Toothless. The paste was still wet but once it dried, it would be almost as hard as a dragon's scales.

He was thankful for this paste because without it, Hiccup wouldn't know what to do when his dragon was injured. It said in the book that this method was used for lizards but he figured that a dragon's scales couldn't be far off. He had only had to use it a couple times in his lifetime or, old lifetime. Even though it was pretty hard to injure a dragon, Toothless acquired some cuts here and there when they had been learning how to fly together.

Toothless looked back at the paste that covered his injury with interest but shook his head once he smelt it. Hiccup laughed, "It probably doesn't smell all that great to you, does it, bud?" He leaned in and scratched his dragon behind his ear with a smile.

Jack inspected the paste with interest and then turned to Hiccup, "It doesn't smell bad," he commented.

Hiccup rolled his eyes, "But Dragons have a heightened sense of smell don't they?" He said in annoyance.

Jack pursed his lips and nodded, "Yeah, I guess so."

Hiccup furrowed his brow but turned back to the small stream to wash his hands. It wasn't fair of him to treat Jack like this. He most likely didn't know much about dragons unless Jack happened to have an abundance of dragons in his life. For some reason, he just couldn't keep the anger out of his voice. It was like everything Jack did, annoyed Hiccup.

He started scrubbing at his hands; this was the worst part. The dark green was a huge pain to get off of his hands. Back in the day, it was hell trying to explain why his hands were a dark shade of green. If he remembered correctly, he had told chief Stoick that he had taken up an interest in potion making. Then, of course, Snotlout had overheard him and had started calling him potion boy as if that would somehow hurt his feelings.

"Um, Hiccup?" Jack asked tentatively.

Hiccup turned to look at him sharply; couldn't he see that he was washing his hands? The longer this stuff stayed on his hands, the longer his hands were going to stay green. "What?" Hiccup asked, trying to make his voice sound less snappy.

Jack cleared his throat, "You got some of that green stuff on your pants," he said, pointing to a small spot on Hiccups left leg. Hiccup sighed and hefted his pant leg up to unclasp his prosthetic leg. He heard a gasp and he looked over at Jack. Jack wore a pained expression and his eyes were wide as he looked down at Hiccup's prosthetic leg.

Hiccup realized suddenly, that Jack wouldn't know anything about him losing his leg. That happened a couple years after the Jack era. He was looking at his leg with a mixture of horror and sadness. Hiccup was used to this reaction, though. People who came to Berk would

stare at his leg until they eventually lost interest. Some would stare with sadness, curiosity and some with anger. Gober said that he would eventually get used to it but he never really did. His leg wasn't some museum piece.

Some part of him, the cruel side, hoped Jack felt regretful. He hoped he felt like it was his fault because after all, if Jack had not left, he would probably still have his leg. Hiccup gave himself a mental slap. No matter how resentful he was towards Jack for leaving him alone, it was nobody's fault that he lost his leg, except maybe Snotlout and the twins.

He started the task of wetting his pant leg and scrubbing the paste off. In his peripheral vision he saw Toothless sit down beside him and Jack do the same except on his other side.

For the hundredth time that day he wondered how exactly he got himself into this situation. Back in the city, Toothless and Hiccup would be enjoying this weather and flying over all the tall buildings. Now, he was here doing laundry with Jack Frost. He sighed, it was because of his own stupidity that he was in this mess.

He had trusted Mike and Jessica. He had gone with them, despite the uneasiness he had felt about them. When it had turned out that they had only wanted to use him, that's when Jack had swooped in and saved him. Now Jack said that he couldn't leave his side because they still might be after him. This was all so crazy. Hiccup didn't even know why they wanted him.

His need for answers was growing every second.

Soon enough, he finished up with pants and reattached his prosthetic. He stood up and looked at Jack. Jack looked back with confusion but stayed silent. Hiccup raised an eyebrow and crossed his arms. Jack's eyebrows raised and he shrugged, hesitantly.

"So?" Hiccup asked.

Jack looked surprised that Hiccup had spoken, "Er, what?"

Hiccup let out an exasperated sigh, "So, what are we doing now?" He asked.

Realization dawned on Jack's face, "Oh. Yeah."

Hiccup blinked in shock. He didn't know what they were doing? Had he just rescued Hiccup without even thinking? They had a downed, immortal dragon, a crippled immortal boy and a staff obsessed, immortal boy with no plan.

"What do you mean, 'Oh'?" Hiccup yelled, "You don't know what you're doing here, do you? You just thought, 'Oh, there's that boy I once knew, I'll go save him' knowing full well that if you took me they would want me back. I have a dragon that can't fly, a boy that can't leave me and I have no clue as to what is even going on here!"

Jack stood up to face Hiccup, "Well, sorry I thought I should maybe help you because you were in trouble!"

"I could've gotten out of there in my own."

Jack rolled his eyes, "I'm sure you could have."

Hiccup sighed and let it drop. He knew that Jack was right. He had been trapped and he wouldn't have been able to get away. He was grateful that Jack had saved Toothless and him but he was frustrated that the white haired boy didn't know what to do now.

Hiccup sat back down on the rock and looked up at Jack, "We need to do something," he said simply.

Jack sighed but sat down beside Hiccup, "I know."

"Toothless and I could just go back to New York and continue living our lives but if they're after me than that wouldn't work. Do you even know why they're after me?" Hiccup questioned.

"I don't. I was just following them and they led me to you. I have no idea what they're up to."

"Who's 'they'?"

Jack bit his lip, "I'm not sure I should tell."

"Why? It's not like I have anyone to tell."

"Because you're not a guardian."

Hiccup raised his eyebrows, "Um, I'm his guardian," he said, jerking his thumb back towards Toothless who looked up at Hiccup.

Jack smiled slightly, "No," he bit his lip and looked like he was thinking, "I guess I have no choice. I know where we're going."

"Woah, what? One second you were telling me how you can't tell me something and now you're telling me where we're going?"

"Yeah, sorry but I really don't know if I can give you the information you want but if you'll come with me then maybe I can."

"And where exactly am I going with you?" Hiccup asked, crossing his arms.

"To the North Pole to meet the Guardians," Jack answered as if it made perfect sense.

Hiccup nodded, "Uh-huh and you want me to walk to this 'North Pole' and meet these 'Guardians' becauseâ€¦?"

Jack sighed, "Because then we can figure out what's going on, you can get the information you want and you'll be protected from them."

Hiccup ran a hand through his hair and turned to face Toothless. This was all so crazy. So much different than what his life had been for the past many years. Maybe that was a good thing? His adventure away from his makeshift home in New York hadn't really been pleasant but it had been something. He wanted to figure out why he was here. Why

he hadn't died when he should have. He didn't know what was going on but he knew one thing for sure, he wouldn't find out anything just lying dormant in New York.

He could do this. He owed it to himself and his dragon to find out what was going on.

He turned back to Jack, "I'll go with you to the North Pole, Jack but I am not doing this for you," he said, pointing at the white haired boy, "I'm doing this for Toothless and I."

* * *

><p>They started walking towards the North Pole which Jack explained is the nickname for the North. The people of this time just call it the North Pole for reasons unknown to Hiccup. It was slow going because they were walking but sometimes Hiccup would ride Toothless if his leg was getting sore. He was unaccustomed to this much walking in a day. He used to spend most of his day on Toothless.<p>

The walk was spent in awkward silence between Jack and Hiccup, mostly because Hiccup didn't know what to talk about with Jack. What do you say to a boy you haven't seen in a hundred or more years? Fortunately Jack took care of that on his own.

"Want to play Truth or Dare?" he asked, looking at Hiccup who was currently riding Toothless.

"What's that?"

"It's this human game that one of my human friends told me about."

"You mean humans can see you? How?" Hiccup asked, incredulously.

"It is a long story," Jack said, "Do you want to play the game?"

The brown haired boy shrugged, "I don't know how."

"It's easy. One person asks another 'Truth or Dare?' and the other chooses. If the person chooses 'Truth' then the person who asks gets to ask one question that the other person must answer. If the person chooses 'Dare' then the person who asks gets to tell the other person one thing to do."

The game intrigued him so he agreed, "Who goes first?"

"You can," offered Jack.

"Alright, truth or dare?"

"Truth."

Hiccup pursed his lip in thought. This was a golden opportunity to ask Jack anything but of course, he couldn't think of anything. He could ask why Jack had left him when he was ten but he was hesitant to make the game turn sour so fast. He perked up when an idea came to mind.

"Who are the guardians?"

Jack smiled a large, genuine smile, "My family. They're the ones that saved me from myself by making me into a guardian. To everyone else, they're the guardians of children. If anything threatens the children of the world, they step in and take action."

"How many are there?"

"Technically you're only supposed to ask one question," Jack pointed out.

Hiccup scowled and Jack laughed, "It's ok. We'll make an exception. Currently, there are five, North, Bunny, Sandy, Tooth and me."

Hiccup's brows furrowed, "Who are they?"

"North is Santa Clause, he brings toys to children on Christmas. Bunny is the Easter Bunny, he brings chocolate eggs to children on Easter. Sandy is the Sandman, he's responsible for children having good dreams. Tooth is the Tooth Fairy, she collects children's baby teeth.

Hiccup looked at Jack, trying desperately to understand what he'd just said.

"Yeah, it's a lot to take in, I know. It's just how it is, though."

"That's probably the weirdest thing anybody has ever said to me," Hiccup admitted.

Jack laughed, "Wait 'till you hear who created them."

"Who?"

"The Man on the Moon," Jack answered, laughing at Hiccup's bemused expression, "Ok, it's my turn. How did you come across a dragon?"

"Well, a Vikings past time was hunting dragons. I found a downed dragon and chose the other option," he explained, shooting Toothless a smile and patting him on the head.

Jack nodded, "So the contraption on the end of the tail helps him fly?"

"Yeah, we can't fly without each other. I control the part of the tail with my foot and that's how he flies."

"But what if he wants to fly by himself?"

Hiccup shot Jack a glare, "For your information, I did make him a tail where he could fly by himself. He destroyed it a couple minutes after I put it on," he said coldly.

Jack put up his hands up defensively, "Right, sorry."

Hiccup turned away from Jack and absentmindedly rubbed behind Toothless ears. They both fell silent as they continued walking to

meet these 'guardians'. He still didn't fully understand who these people were or why they were going to see them. Jack kept insisting that he couldn't tell Hiccup anything without their permission. It all sounded so very strange to him.

Guardians that watched over children? Who even had come up with an idea like that? Oh right, this Man on the Moon. He didn't understand that all that well either. Had he been 'created' by this Man? If he had, why hadn't he been contacted by the guardians? Granted, if Jack was a part of these guardians and he didn't know anything then it was possible the guardians didn't know about him.

He wondered if there were other people like him, people that hadn't died without an explanation and were roaming the earth in complete solitude. At least he had Toothless. He wasn't sure what would have happened if he had suddenly woken up in the future, clearly not dead, without any explanation. He would probably be in the mental institution for immortals by now.

Jack and Hiccup walked in awkward silence for the rest of the day, their game of 'Truth or Dare?' forgotten. As the sun set Jack made a comment that if they walk for the whole day they might reach the border of Canada.

"Canada?" Hiccup questioned.

"It's another country, almost like the USA but not. It's bigger and a little bit colder, because it's closer to the North Pole, but it's pretty similar to the USA. We need to go through it to get to the North Pole," he explained.

Hiccup nodded. There's a lot of information he wanted to learn about the new world. He could practically smell the knowledge. He's never had any access to any information in this world. Maybe Jack would be willing to share some information, just so he's not clueless when he meets these guardians.

They walked for a bit longer until the sun disappeared behind the trees. They decided that they would make camp in a clearing they came to and rest for the night. Then when morning came they would continue their trek to the North Pole.

Jack started gathering fire wood to start a fire and Hiccup sat with Toothless. He wasn't sure if he would be any help at the moment. He leaned back against his dragon with a sigh, today had possibly been one of the longest days of his life and that was saying something.

Once Jack had finished putting the wood together for a fire he sat down heavily across from Hiccup. There was barely enough light left to see but the pointed look Jack threw at Toothless was clear. Hiccup's eyes narrowed, "What?"

Jack cleared his throat, "Can heâ€|?"

"Can he what?"

"You know, shoot the blue fire?"

"Of course he can."

"Ok, but will he? With you here, I mean?"

Hiccup stiffened when he realized what Jack was talking about. Of course Jack had seen his mini freak out. Why wouldn't he have seen it? He didn't want Jack to think of him as weak, as the little boy he had left behind. He was an entirely new person. He was older and stronger and most definitely not controlled by his fears.

"Yes, he will," he answered, looking back at his dragon. Toothless looked at his master with uncertainty but shot a little ball of fire towards the logs anyways. Immediately the smaller twigs caught fire, igniting the logs until they had a full fire before them. Hiccup swallowed heavily, he could handle a little camp fire but it didn't mean he had to be comfortable with it.

"Jack?" Hiccup asked.

Jack looked at him, "Yeah?"

"How did you know that Toothless was a dragon if they don't have dragons in this time?" He was remembering the night Jack had saved him from Mike and Jessica. Jack had called out a "Shoot dragon!" before Hiccup had passed out. Although he wasn't one hundred percent sure that they didn't have dragons in this time, he'd never seen one.

Jack shrugged, "One of my human friends loves fantasy stories and he's shown me hundreds of pictures of dragons. Your dragon just fit the picture."

Hiccup's brow furrowed, "One thing I don't really understand is how dragons don't exist in this time. They lay eggs once a year just like other animals and those animals are still around. Are the dragons in hiding?"

Jack looked a bit uncomfortable answering his question, "That could be but it's probably more likely that they were hunted to extinction," he looked into Hiccup's eyes with his own sad blue ones; "Humans are unaccepting creatures. If they find something they don't understand theyâ€"

"-eradicate it," Hiccup finished. Out of all the things he had learnt about the new world, this saddened him the most. Hunt a species to extinction? Especially a species so interesting as dragons? Hiccup snuggled in closer to Toothless, for once in his new life, he was grateful that he and Toothless were alive now. It could have been him and Toothless that were eradicated all those years ago.

That night he fell asleep under the protection of Toothless' wing and if he held his dragon a little closer that night, no one could blame him for it.

* * *

><p>There you have it. It's not the best chapter I've ever written but I'll take it. Hopefully I can get into the swing of things better next chapter. I hope you guys liked it.
Also, I'm going on a trip tomorrow that's lasting nine days so I'm already breaking my schedule but I'm hoping to write a chapter on the trip anyways.

>Remember, I love you.<p>

End
file.